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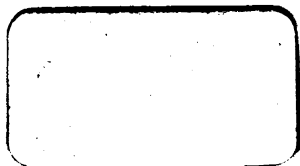
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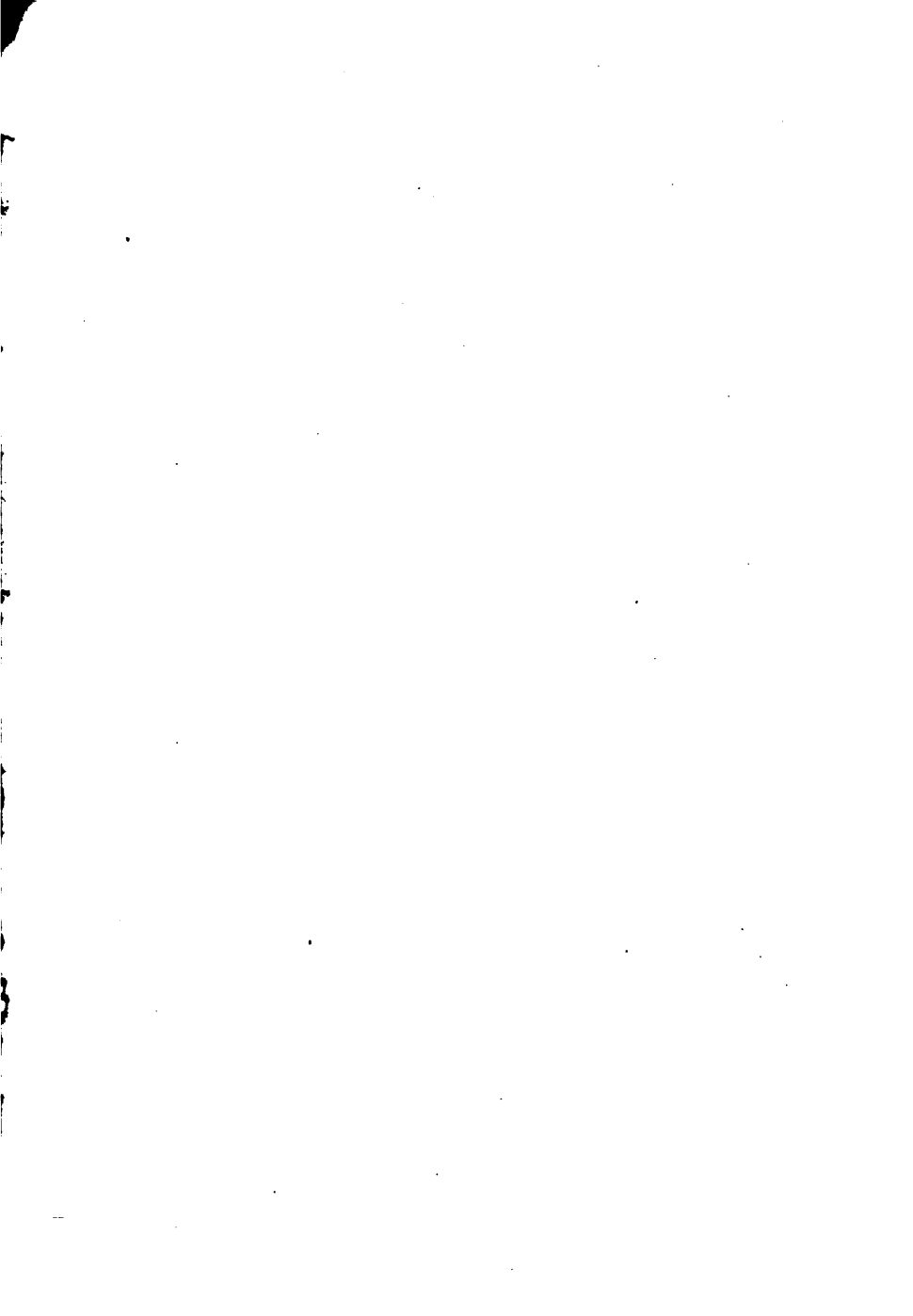
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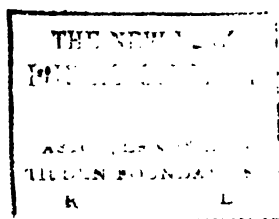


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A N A C A O N A
AND OTHER POEMS







John M. Morse

A NATION'S HISTORY AND CIVILIZATION

BY JOHN M. MORSE

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF THE REV. DR. MORSE"



THE GRAFTON PRESS
NEW YORK



John M. Morse

ANACONA AND OTHER POEMS

BY JOHN M MORSE
AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD"

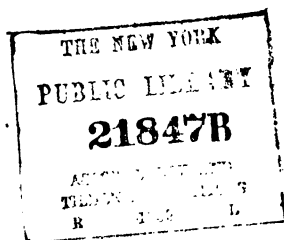


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THE GRAFTON PRESS
NEW YORK

[1903]

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Copyright 1903 by
JOHN M. MORSE

DEDICATION.

This volume of Poems is respectfully dedicated to my friends of former years; also to my friends of the present.

THE AUTHOR.

September 23d, 1903.

WQW 1252955

PREFACE.

Ana-ca-o-na is the name of an Indian princess who lived in the province of Xaragua, on the island of Hispaniola, before its discovery by Columbus.

Ca-on-a-bo was a Carib warrior and a prince in the province of Maguana, of the same island.

Their history is recorded in Washington Irving's Life of Columbus.

The blotting out of their tribes and their tragic deaths at the hands of the Spaniards, deserve just condemnation.

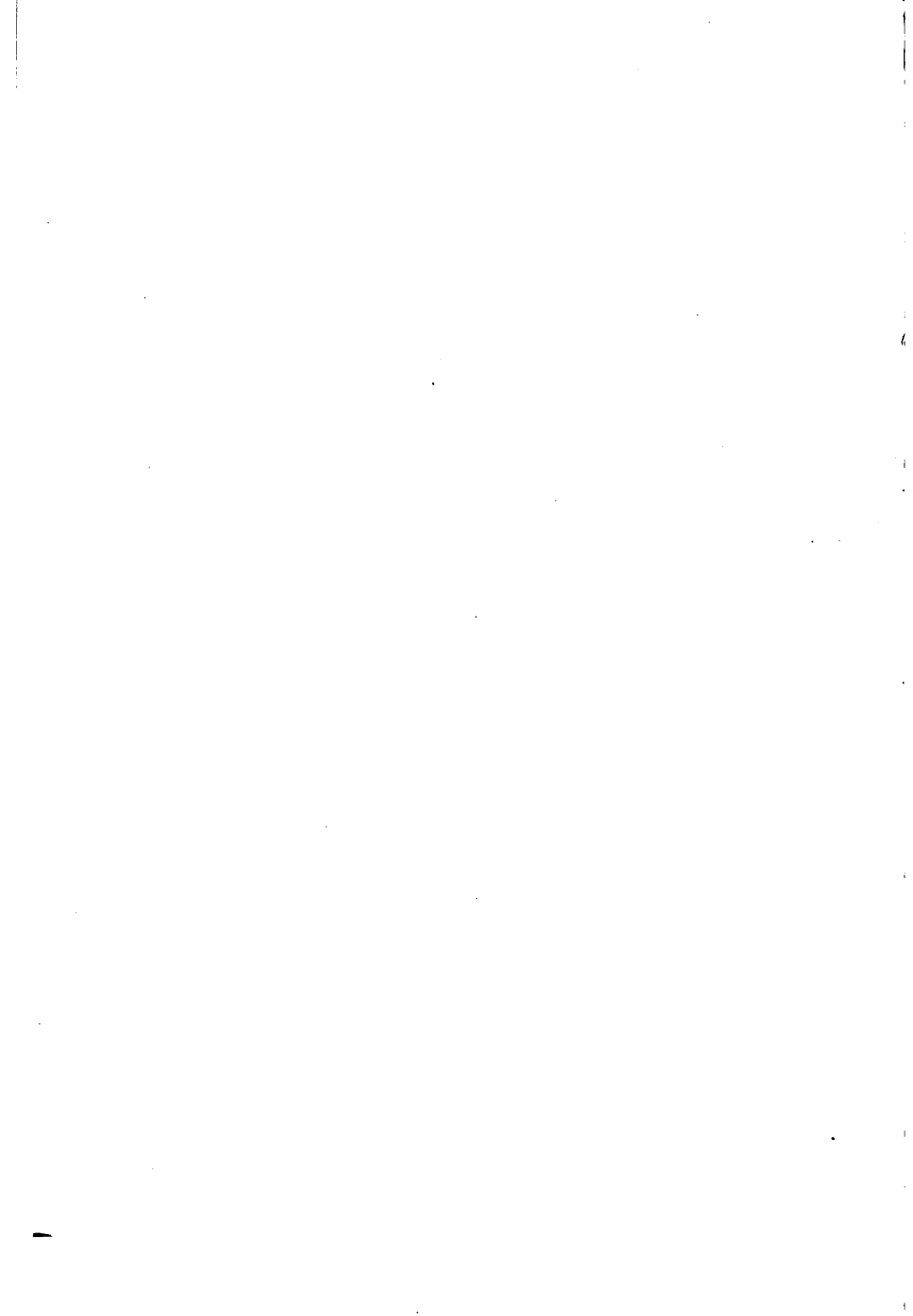
Their true nobility of character shines all the more brightly in contrast with the low and sordid motives of their defamers and slayers.

The writer presents to a discriminating public, this just tribute to their memory.

J. M. M.

Passaic, N. J.,

Sept. 23d, 1903.



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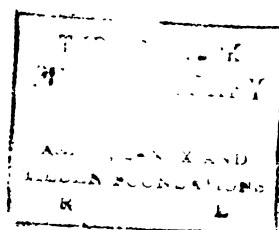
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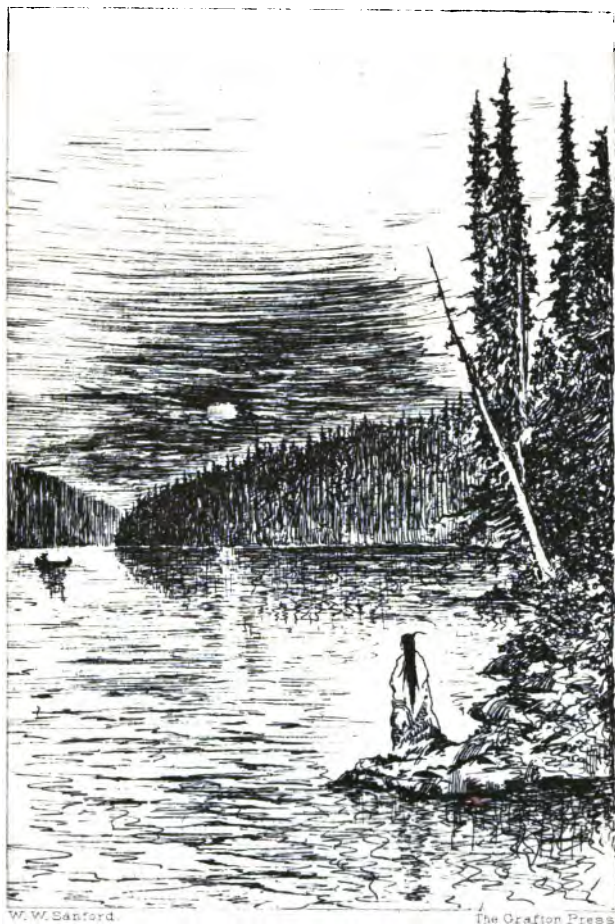
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ANACAONA
OR
XARAGUA'S GOLDEN FLOWER







W. W. Sanford.

The Grafton Press

**THE BOAT, THE MAID, THE STARS, COMBINE TO MAKE
A PICTURE FAIR REFLECTED IN THE LAKE.**

ANACAONA
OR
XARAGUA'S GOLDEN FLOWER

Canto I

A HAPPY ISLAND HOME

WE lift the veil, and backward cast our eyes
Four hundred years! What wondrous visions rise!
Xaragua! Province fair, of happy isle,
Thy many charms the savage heart beguile.
Thy lovely lake invites the Indian maid,
Who in her light canoe is not afraid.
With joyous heart she deftly plies the oar
And glides from point to point along the shore.

When night is brooding o'er the silent earth,
And myriads of shining orbs come forth,
The boat, the maid, the stars, combine to make
A picture fair reflected in the lake.
From distant point, by jutting rock concealed,
To open space, by rising moon revealed,
A *hunter*, strong of limb, in trim canoe,
By rapid strokes is coming into view.

ANACAONA

The maiden's eye is quick his course to trace,
For in her heart that hunter has a place.
One day, returning from a search for game,
Upon her father's camping-ground he came.
'Twas thus they met: at once he lost his heart;
She, too, a victim proved to Cupid's dart!
No wonder he the "Golden Flower" should crave:
No wonder she should love that Carib brave.

Anacaona, fairest of her tribe—
The old and young to her all praise ascribe.
A golden flower was she, so bright, so fair;
In all the tribes none can with her compare.
A dusky maiden, reared in savage state,
With ease and grace and dignity innate—
So much to love! such winning ways! so sweet!
The brave Ca-on-a-bo is at her feet!

He comes! With skillful stroke he plies the oar,
And quickly spans the lake from shore to shore.
To him the time seems long—he'd gladly fly!
The fair An-ac-a-ona fills his eye.
Of her he thinks, and as he glides along
He makes the time seem shorter with a song—
A song of love—the distant mountains hear,
And send an echo back, distinct and clear.

A HAPPY ISLAND HOME

Caonabo's Love Song

Anacaona fair !

Come thou with me—

My camp—my tent to share—

My own to be.

Come thou, O come with me,

My own, my own to be.

Echo—My own to be.

Anacaona, love !

Be thou my bride.

Though moon and stars above

In darkness hide—

If thou wilt be my light,

All clouds shall take their flight.

Echo—Shall take their flight.

Anacaona, dear !

Smile thou on me.

Thy smile my heart will cheer.

Let me but see

True love within thine eyes—

True love, that never dies.

Echo—That never dies.

ANACAONA

Anacaona ! sweet,
O sweet thy voice.
With joy and pride I greet
My love—my choice.
O sweet, O sweet thy voice,
I hear, and I rejoice.
Echo—And I rejoice.

Anacaona ! Tell,
O tell me now,
If thou dost love me well,
To thee I bow !
I gladly will be thine—
And thou, wilt thou be mine ?
Echo—Wilt thou be mine ?

Anacaona, love !
I'll guard thee well.
While stars keep watch above,
My love I tell.
Whate'er gives joy to thee
Shall be a joy to me.
Echo—A joy to me.

A HAPPY ISLAND HOME

Anacaona heard and pondered well
Each loving word, as from his lips it fell.
What maiden ever yet was loth to hear
Sweet words of love from one whom she holds dear?
But giving up old home and friends for new,
She longs to know her lover will be true.
She breathes a song to her new guiding star
And hears the echo answer from afar.

Anacaona's Echo Song

Caonabo! I hear
Thy words of love.
Have I no cause to fear
That false they'll prove?
While looking in thine eyes,
I own thy love I prize.
Echo—Thy love I prize.

Caonabo! If I
Give thee my hand,
When many moons go by,
Wilt thou still stand
A rock to shelter me?
Wilt thou my refuge be?
Echo—My refuge be?

ANACAONA

Caonabo! The chase
May take thee far:
Or thou with all thy race
May join in war!
But thou indeed art brave,
And ne'er can be a slave!
Echo—Ne'er be a slave!

But what has come to stay her happy song
At such a time as this? What dread of wrong?
What mist of darkness spreads o'er all around
And o'er her spirit casts a fear profound?
Strange sights! Her lips are for the moment dumb.
On clouds she sees the frightful woes to come.
She looks again! The phantoms disappear—
Again in undertones her voice we hear.

(Song continued.)

Caonabo! How strange!
I seem to see
O'er this fair land a change.
Ah! Can it be?
Shall desolation reign
O'er all this fertile plain?
Echo—This fertile plain?

A HAPPY ISLAND HOME

Caonabo! With fear
I turn mine eyes.
A wasted island here
Before me lies.
Our brave caciques are slain,
And all resistance vain.
Echo—Resistance vain.

Oh! Why this vision dread!
This gloom of night?
* * * * *
But there, the dream has fled,
And all is bright.
The day returns, and joy
Is ours without alloy.
Echo—Without alloy.

Caonabo! With thee
I stand or fall.
And thou shalt be to me
My life, my all.
From danger thou wilt save,
For thou art *true* and *brave*.
Echo—Art true and brave.

ANACAONA

Caonabo! Most dear—
Most dear thou art!
To thee without a fear
I give my heart.
Tho' enemies assail,
My love shall never fail.
Echo—Shall never fail.

Thus bound by cords of love, the two were wed,
The Carib chieftain brave and queenly maid—
A combination rare of strength and grace
Wherein the stronger traits of each found place.
Xaragua and Maguana, side by side,
Showed double worth by being thus allied.
The greatest chief of all the tribes was he:
Of all the queens the loveliest queen was she.

What peaceful days beneath broad spreading trees,
Refreshed by shade and fanned by ocean breeze!
Through spicy groves they roamed without a care,
Or breathed the stimulating mountain air,
Where, from Cibao's steep and craggy side
A lovely tract, extending far and wide,
Came into view—to greet th' enraptured eye—
A landscape grand, of ocean, plain and sky.

A HAPPY ISLAND HOME

That broad savannah seemed an Eden fair,
With waving fields and groves and balmy air:
With rivers winding onward o'er the plain,
Their banks bedecked with verdure, to the main.
A garden rare, a pleasing dress it wore,
With villages and hamlets studded o'er.
There happy thousands dwelt. Their wants were few,
The pride of worldly wealth they never knew.

ANACAONA

Canto II

A SURPRISE

ONE early morn some objects strange appeared
Along the coast. The natives greatly feared.
Huge monsters from the briny deep they saw
In ships from Spain. All hearts were filled with awe.
Tho' tossed upon the waves, whate'er their course,
Those ships appeared to move with wondrous force.
To natives 'twas a sight unseen before :
They gathered in amazement on the shore.

While eagerly they gaze upon the craft,
There's active preparation fore and aft
To leave the ships. As on the sailors come
Suspicious natives are with terror dumb.
Strange, strange indeed ! men clad in glitt'ring steel
Beneath uplifted royal standards kneel
And kiss the earth. They've crossed the mighty deep,
And now, o'ercome with gratitude, they weep.

A SURPRISE

What mean these movements of the stranger band?
Come they to take from us our own dear land?
The natives trembled, felt 'twas not for good—
So turned, and fled affrighted to the wood.
But when the fancied foes did not pursue,
Their terror disappeared and courage grew.
With adoration and with awe inspired,
They thought the Spaniards friends to be desired.

That they were truly of celestial birth;
That from Turey they came to bless the earth.
Fair messengers of peace and truth and light,
Most noble men whose purposes were right.
The ships had come from overarching sky;
The sails were ample wings with which to fly.
Auspicious gales had wafted them ashore,
What could they do but wonder and adore?

Whate'er the natives had they freely gave
Of products of the grove, the field, the wave;
They brought in great abundance fruit and fish
And game—from each they made a tempting dish;
But when they saw the Spaniards' greed for gold,
Of mines upon the mountain side they told;
And brought them golden sands from mountain streams
Which filled the Spanish mind with wildest dreams,

ANACAONA

Of their success the Spaniards would report;
But ere they homeward sailed they'd build a fort,
By which they would supremacy maintain,
And raise their standard high for crown of Spain.
The natives gave them aid in building well,
Were glad to have them near their village dwell,
For Carib warriors would no more invade;
Of Lombard guns they'd surely be afraid.

All done, the great Commander homeward sailed.
To stay behind some two-score men prevailed.
Well armed and well equipped, they feared no foe,
Without restraint they wandered to and fro.
Their leader gone, no more to be their guide,
All wholesome laws and counsels they defied.
The trusting natives soon were made to feel
Their presence was for woe and not for weal.

Regardless then of all good counsels given,
That little band was by dissensions riven;
While base ambition lured some to stray
To mountains of Cibao, far away.
'Twas there they thought to find rich mines of gold:
Their end was near! the story soon is told:
La Navidad they left for lion's lair—
Caonabo, the mighty chief, was there!

A SURPRISE

The men, who seemed at first so free from guile,
By acts licentious proved themselves most vile!
Without restraint, they gave free rein to lust:
Confiding hearts were filled with sore distrust.
In them the chieftain saw impending doom:
His happy island home o'erspread with gloom!
It must not be! The Spaniards must be slain!
Should they be spared, all else would be in vain.

He called a few brave warriors to his tent
And secretly their plans were laid. They went
To meet the Spaniards from La Navidad.
A cause more just no foemen ever had.
Guterrez, Escobedo and their men,
When least expecting an assault, 'twas then
Each met his death beneath the deadly blow
From arm uplifted by a valiant foe!

Caonabo now sought to raze the fort.
He visited caciques, and made report
Of work already done by trusty braves—
Of work to do, if they would not be slaves!
“My noble men,” he said, “yield not to fear!
“The time to deal a crushing blow is here.
Our time has come! Those Spanish vandals must
Without delay be made to bite the dust.

ANACAONA

"They think us weak: that they have nought to fear,
Tho' they have outraged all that we hold dear.
They treat our women as their lawful prey,
Expecting us to yield, do what they may!
We thought them noble beings from the skies—
Alas! the vision fades before our eyes!
They are but fiends! their hellish ways we know:
Let us unite and deal a crushing blow."

"Come, follow me!" No sooner said than done:
The braves were off before the rising sun.
O'er hill and dale they quickly made their way,
Troop after troop—all eager for the fray!
They knew their cause was just: their hearts were one,
They'd win success with plan so well begun.
When came the whispered word to strike the blow
It meant annihilation for the foe!

'Twas night; La Navidad was wrapped in sleep.
No need for Spaniards constant watch to keep.
Were they not schooled in war, well armed and strong,
And more than match for any motley throng?
And such the natives were—their weapons rude—
Their knowledge in the art of war most crude.
For such a foe one need have little care—
Contempt for tribes so weak became a snare.

A SURPRISE

So great their strength, they saw no cause for fear,
But took their ease, nor thought of danger near.
When bold Caonabo approached the fort,
No sentinel was there to make report.
The dreamers woke to hear the battle-cry,
"Tear down the fort!" "Let ev'ry Spaniard die!"
And die they did! The work was quickly done—
Not one was left to tell the tale, *not one!*

A smoldering heap! No more remained to tell
Where stood the fort or where the Spaniards fell.
Complete surprise! Complete the vict'ry gained.
A haughty foe destroyed and rights maintained.
Then back to pleasant groves with hope inspired,
Their island once more free, as they desired,
The natives sought their Zemes, poured forth praise,
Imploring watch and care for coming days.

'Twas sad! but who can blame that Carib chief?
From crimes of darkest dye he sought relief.
Most sacred rights were naught in Spanish eyes.
Against such rule no wonder he should rise.
Oh! Who would yield his home, his native land,
To grasping foes, without one noble stand?
Within his breast if fires of manhood glow,
He'll emulate the brave Caonabo.

ANACAONA

Anacaona, proud of chieftain brave ;—
Of warriors too, who nobly fought to save,—
Prepared a royal feast, when they should come,
A feast, with song and dance—their welcome home.
The happy queen receives her chief once more,
And maidens greet the braves whom they adore.
They mingle in the dance, a joyous throng,
With right good will they sing their welcome song.

The Home Coming

Welcome, welcome ! noble chief !

Welcome home.

Thou has brought us glad relief,

Welcome home.

Thou hast made our island free,

Never, nevermore to be

Overrun by dreaded foes !

Rest thee, now, in sweet repose.

Welcome, welcome ! Peace at last,

Welcome home.

Peace and joy as in the past,

Welcome home.

Welcome ! Men who gave their aid—

Crushing those who dared t'invade.

Great the work that has been done,

Welcome, welcome every one.

A SURPRISE

Welcome, welcome! Past the night!

Welcome home.

Morning dawns! Our skies are bright—

Welcome home.

Bravest of the brave! Return!

Brightly now our camp-fires burn.

Spanish fiends no more destroy—

Song and dance proclaim our joy.

Glad are we—but still we mourn

For fallen braves!

Great our grief! Our hearts are torn

For fallen braves!

Many died that we might live,

Giving all they had to give!

In our thoughts they have a place

Which our joys can ne'er efface!

Welcome home—with brighter days—

Welcome home.

Hear our joyous songs of praise,

Welcome home.

Welcome, brave Caonabo!

Hearts with gladness overflow.

Daring deeds we here recall,

Welcome, welcome warriors all.

ANACAONA

Canto III

THE CONFLICT

THE natives hoped for peace ; peace could not be !
Already men in ships were on the sea,
Their purpose first, La Navidad to find,
And all their comrades who were left behind.
The ships arrived. The Spaniards sought the place
Of fort and men in charge. They found no trace
Save garments torn and marked with bloody stains—
A place with ashes strewn and charred remains !

By search they found the graves of comrades slain.
The story of a tragic death was plain.
With gloom and deep distrust their minds were filled.
They sought another place on which to build.
'Twas thus they left La Navidad, when, lo,
The ships, as boist'rous winds began to blow,
Were forced to anchor in a harbor wide,
Where boats in wildest storm might safely ride.

THE CONFLICT

And there they found the place whereon to build ;
With hope and joy and gladness all were filled.
They left their ships, they gathered on the shore,
Rejoicing all to tread the earth once more ;
To breathe the balmly air of groves and fields
And taste the fruits a gen'rous harvest yields :
Each man for that new city worked with zeal ;
All anxious were to aid the common weal.

But gold was uppermost in Spanish mind !
They laid their plans its hiding place to find.
Cibao's lofty mountains they'd explore
To farthest bounds, to find the precious ore.
Upon an eminence they built a fort,—
To its commander all might make report.
Should trouble come, 'twould serve for a defense,
And prove a means to drive assailants hence.

Caonabo had watched with jealous eye
The rising cloud that darkened land and sky—
The thunderbolt that struck his province fair—
The Spanish troop that laid his mountain bare !
St. Thomas stood aloft, defiant, bold—
A fortress strong, within his field of gold !
The lion shook with rage ! He grasped his spear,
And with a voice commanding, loud and clear,

ANACAONA

He called his faithful tribesmen out and said,
"My Braves! The enemies we so much dread
Are here again! On yonder eminence
Behold a fort, well built for their defense.
They've come to take possession of our land!
If we would save it, we must boldly stand!
Must drive them from that fort—must break their hold,
Or suffer loss of home with woes untold!"

When Margarite withdrew and sailed for Spain,
Caonabo made haste his point to gain.
With leader gone, the soldiers, uncontrolled,
Threw off restraint and o'er the Vega strolled.
In isolated fortress few remained,
Where, if a constant watch was not maintained,
By stealthy march an entrance might be had:—
St. Thomas then would be as Navidad!

'Twas night once more. Like lion from his den,
The chief advanced with thousands of his men.
They rushed upon the fort with might and main,
How great was their surprise—for all was vain!
The guard stood at his post and gave alarm;
Forewarned, no foe without could do them harm.
Ojeda, boldest, bravest of his day,
Was well prepared to keep his foes at bay.

THE CONFLICT

Caonabo had failed to take the fort !
He tried starvation next — a last resort ;
Could he not gain an entrance by surprise,
He'd win the fight by cutting off supplies.
Distributing his warriors round about,
To capture any who might venture out,
He guarded every pass along the way,
And thus he kept a watch by night and day.

Some bolder than the rest, who laughed at fear,
In fit of desperation ventured near.
They hoped their many thousands would prevail
Against the few, tho' clothed in coats of mail.
The siege had been maintained for many days —
What joy if they might end it in a blaze !
If they could wrap their enemies in fire,
Their strife would end, they'd gain their hearts' desire !

Ojeda, in his fortress, watched the foe ;
He knew his strength, and when to strike a blow.
Well skilled in art of war, no fear he knew :
With weapons, best of all, his arm was true.
With but a few brave men, he marched without,
Assailed the braves, and put them all to rout !
Caonabo's best men by hundreds fell,
Defending rights and homes they loved so well.

ANACAONA

Alas! Of what avail their noble stand!
With all their strength of numbers at command
The naked warriors ne'er could cope with Spain;
Their greatest efforts proved to be in vain.
Tho' guarding homes, they met with sore defeat;
The wrong prevailed, the right was in retreat.
Caonabo in sullen mood withdrew,
But scorn and hate and indignation grew.

Anacaona hears with deep distress
And bitter grief that she can scarce suppress
Of sad defeat, and loss of warriors brave
Who nobly fought, their island home to save.
Her maidens also hear, and coming near,
By look and word and act betray their fear.
They mourn their dead; their grief exceeding great;
To Zemes cry, and thus bemoan their fate.

The Dirge

The mists of night
In rapid flight
Spread o'er our island fair,
Shut out the light
And leave us in despair.
Alas, alas!

THE CONFLICT

Like tempest gales
The foe assails,
And many warriors die.
No force avails—
Before that foe we fly!
Alas, alas!

Our hope is dead,
The sky is lead,
And distant lightnings glare.
We're filled with dread—
Strange sounds are in the air
Alas, alas!

Of what avail
'Gainst coats of mail—
And what are weapons for,
When fiends assail
With deadly dogs of war?
Alas, alas!

Oh! Zemes, why
Must warriors fly
Before that dreaded foe?
Oh! Hear our cry
And with our warriors go.
Give strength and hope.

ANACAONA

Oh! Zemes, hear.
Our spirits cheer;
Assist our braves to **fight.**
Dispel our fear
And put our foes to **flight.**
Give strength and **hope.**

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF

Canto IV

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF

COLUMBUS sought to still the storm that raged.
He'd quiet the caciques, or have them caged !
His milder measures met with great success,
Yet *one*, by force of arms he must suppress.
Ojeda, wily chief, proposed to go
And seek to win the brave Caonabo.
If he should fail in this, he next would strive
By stratagem to capture him alive !

With ten brave men, well mounted and well armed,
Ojeda rode through passes wild, unharmed.
He found the brave cacique, Caonabo —
With deference approached him, bowing low :
Professed to come on friendly mission sent ;
Declared that peace, not war, was his intent.
He hoped the sovereign prince would be a friend
Allied to Spain — so all their wars should end.

ANACAONA

Caonabo had tried Ojeda's strength
With all his force: had been compelled at length
To raise the siege and leave him unsubdued:
And now with admiration him he viewed;
So agile and adroit in exercise,
So skilled in arms, so wary in surprise;
So fearless in deportment, brave and free,—
Caonabo inclined his friend to be.

Ojeda sought with all his wiles to gain
The friendship of Caonabo for Spain.
"Would he but visit Isabella, he
With Admiral Columbus might agree.
If he'd but go, they'd give to him the bell
That rang, so clear, the time for mass to tell."
This won Caonabo's consent—the prize
The bell that came from "Turey," or the skies!

Caonabo had longed to see that bell;
Its ringing silver tones,—he knew them well.
He'd heard it from afar while prowling 'round,
Each joyous, cheerful note, each solemn sound.
That bell would be his own. He'd go in state
To see Columbus for a prize so great!
And when the time arrived, a noble band
Of braves was there, to march at his command.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF

"What means this warlike force in numbers dread?
What need that such an army should be led;
If friendly the intent, why this display
Of men prepared for war—this grand array?"
To this Caonabo made proud reply:
"A smaller force for such a prince as I
Would scarce befit the station which I fill—
These come and go according to my will."

Ojeda weighed Caonabo's reply.
No lofty words like these could satisfy.
He knew the chief was wily, bold and brave;
'Twas this that made the situation grave.
Some dark design, some treachery was there
In which the chieftain's warriors had a share.
Perchance the fortress they would seek to gain!
Or, worse than this, Columbus might be slain!

Ojeda fain would circumvent his foe.
The army with its chieftain must not go.
And now for strategy! a milder name
For that base thing which brought its author fame.
While on the march they halted near a stream;
'Twas then Ojeda plied his lying scheme.
He brought out manacles of polished steel—
A present rich from monarch of Castile!

ANACAONA

These royal ornaments of mighty kings
Caonabo should wear, with other things
They'd brought from Turey for himself alone;
Caonabo could wear them on his throne.
In yonder river he should bathe, and then
Return in state to his astonished men;
Adorned with ornaments like king of Spain!
It pleased him well: — Caonabo was vain.

The chieftain bathed: alas! the die was cast!
Behind Ojeda, on his horse made fast,
He sat, with manacles that held him bound,
While all the troops went circling round and round.
His warriors shrank before each prancing steed
That came and went behind Ojeda's lead.
Unconscious of his state, and filled with pride,
Caonabo enjoyed his fateful ride!

At length Ojeda made a wider sweep
And stopped well out of sight, in forest deep,
Then threatened that great chief with instant death
If he should make a sound above his breath.
'Twas then he saw himself a pris'ner bound,
With not a man of all his tribe around.
Alas! for truth! Base falsehood triumphed, when
The chief believed Ojeda and his men.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF

O, Justice! Where was thine almighty arm,
When Falsehood raised its hydra head to harm
The Chief who sought to benefit his race—
Who sought to save from slavery's foul disgrace?
O, Where thy voice, that he should fail to hear
When Greed, Deceit, and cunning Craft were near
With siren tongues, alluring far from those
Whose watch and care could save him from his foes?

And Thou, O God of Liberty! Where Thou,
That right to wrong should be compelled to bow?
That Greed should grasp the wealth another owns,
And face rebuke in bold, defiant tones?
Say, Where Thy helmet? Where Thy magic shield
Protecting Truth from enemies concealed?
And where Thy sword when vandals fierce assailed
And with tyrannic force o'er all prevailed?

O'er rugged trails they hastened with their prey.
Their goal was Isabella, far away.
The perils of the ride were multiplied,
For dangers threatened them on every side.
Their watchfulness, their hunger and fatigue
Increased the more with ev'ry added league.
Ojeda reached his goal—Ah, Fate unkind!
With his wild Indian safely bound behind.

ANACAONA

Canto V

THE NOBLE QUEEN

A NACAONA, on Xaragua's shore,
Awaited word from one she'd see no more:
But hurrying feet came speeding on their way
To tell her all the news of that sad day.
And as she heard, she sank upon the ground;
She strove to speak—her lips gave forth no sound.
At last a name she murmured soft and low—
In faintest whisper—'twas "Caonabo!"

The days dragged slowly on, and still she seemed
To every outward sense like one who dreamed;
But when they brought the crushing word that he,
Her valiant chief, was sent beyond the sea,
They feared the worst, so vacantly she gazed,
And wondered if their noble queen was crazed.
Oft, oft she visited the silent shore
Where she with him had walked in days of yore.

THE NOBLE QUEEN

And then in her canoe, altho' 'twas late,
She'd slowly row along the shore, and wait:
She watched the stars as one by one appeared —
They were her friends — by them her heart was cheered.
But ne'er could she forget her noble chief:
She oft, when thus alone, indulged her grief.
So great their needs! So great was his intent,
But Hope had fled! Hear this, her sad lament:

Anacaona's Lament

Alas! Alas!
Caonabo!
This once fair isle
Is filled with woe,
For thou art gone!
I long to go
To be with thee,
Caonabo!
Thou Carib brave!
I loved thee well;
But love could not
Our foes repel.
Base falsehood brought
My chieftain low!
Alas! my loved
Caonabo!

ANACAONA

It was no fault
Of thine, great chief.
I blame thee not
For thy belief
Of statements false.
Ah! Well I know
Thou wast deceived,
Caonabo!

A captive now!
Oh! Cruel fate!
Thou didst not know
Until too late
How false the man,
Who, bowing low,
Appeared thy friend,
Caonabo!

On board their ship
I hear thou art.
Oh! Must it be
That thus we part?
To distant shore
My chief must go—
We meet no more,
Caonabo!

THE NOBLE QUEEN

Our cherished joys—
They quickly fly,
Like happy days
Of years gone by.
And visions dread
Of long ago
Shut out the light—
Caonabo!

Oh! Sad the sight—
Oh! Cruel fate:
Our lovely isle
Is desolate!
And one by one
Our braves must go
As thou hast gone,
Caonabo!

'Tis hard to face
The dread unknown!
For all is not
In vision shown.
Whate'er my lot,
This thou dost know,
My love is true,
Caonabo!

ANACAONA

If Zemes can
Protection give,
'Neath brighter skies
At last we'll live.
If they will guide—
With them we'll go
Where all is peace—
Caonabo!

May our whole tribe
With us unite,
In that fair land
Where all is bright.
When far removed
From present woe,
We'll meet again,
Caonabo!

And this I hope,
But still I weep.
The night is dark,
The lake is deep!
To farther shore
I cannot row,
For thou art gone—
Caonabo!

THE NOBLE QUEEN

Gone! Gone my love!
No more I see
Thy hand aloft
To beckon me.
The shadows fall—
The moon sinks low—
The stars grow dim—
Caonabo!

The lake is deep,
The night is dark!
No strength have I
To guide my bark.
I drop the oars—
I cannot row—
Oh! loved and lost
Caonabo!

In all her grief Anacaona knew
Her brother, brave Beheccio, was true;
And when Caonabo, the mighty oak,
Was crushed to earth, as if by lightning stroke,
No place to her seemed quite so much a home
As where in youth they two were wont to roam.
Xaragua, childhood's home, her home once more.
All welcomed back the "Golden Flower" of yore.

ANACAONA

Anacaona was the pride of all,
And glad her subjects were to hear her call.
At bidding of their queen they'd come and go —
Most happy each her ev'ry wish to know.
They knew her grief ; they'd soften it with care ;
'Twas thus they strove her bitterness to share.
Oh, happy queen ! such constancy to know :
Still hopeful she, in spite of all her woe.

That province fair — a paradise indeed !
No vaulting pride — no thefts — no Spanish greed.
When Don Bartholomew went there to see —
He found a happy realm where all was free.
The queen and maidens fair left their retreat
With songs and palms the Spanish force to greet.
She gave wise counsel — " Thoughts of war should cease."
She brought instead the olive branch of peace.

THE CRIME

Canto VI

THE CRIME

SIX years have passed. Ovando at the head
Has soldiers well equipped — an army dread !
He's heard of dark conspiracies, and so
He'll end them all, with one tremendous blow !
Pretending friendship for their queen, he comes
And access gains to all their happy homes.
The unsuspecting queen once more essays
By kindly words and deeds to merit praise.

Most generous queen ! The best in all the land
Is soon prepared for him at her command.
Her maidens, as before, with palms advance
To meet the hosts of Spain in song and dance.
Within her breast resentment has no place ;
And all her past of wrong she would efface.
Her wish to please is seen in every move —
And good intentions all her actions prove.

'Twas this peaceful scene the lightning flash
 Brought out a sky serene there came a crash!
 Corralc gave a signal—swift the blow—
 The honored guest was her most ferocious foe!
 Unarmed, defenseless natives fell a prey
 To Spanish greed and base deceit that day.
 The crime, the butchery was thus begun.
 And thus the fancied rights of Spain were won!

The horsemen rushed upon the naked throng,
 Who had no thought or wish to do them wrong;
 They trampled them to death, with wildest cheers,
 In brutal rage transfixed them with their spears!
 They chased the poor, defenseless, scattered hordes
 And, sparing none, despatched them with their swords.
 This was not war. 'Twas butchery, indeed!
 Few crimes may be as great, but none exceed.

The brave caciques, assembled for the games,
 Surrounded by their foes, were wrapped in flames!
 Their queen for deep conspiracy was tried;
 Tho' false the charge, she on the scaffold died!
 Thus perished from the earth that happy race,
 And Spanish gain became all Spain's disgrace.
 Shame! Shame, Ovando! Shame for such a crime!
 The darkest, foulest blot on Scroll of Time!

RETROSPECTION

Canto VII

RETROSPECTION

AND now, in panoramic view, behold
The strange events, in outline briefly told,
Of one whose early life was full of joy,
Who spent her peaceful days in sweet employ;
Whose songs her happy maidens sang with glee
In that fair isle where all was wild and free.
In record brief her noble traits are seen—
A golden flow'r indeed—this native queen.

The Golden Flower

Xaragua gave her birth.
That paradise of earth
Was where in youth she played—
Around its lake she strayed.
She swiftly glided o'er its waves
In her canoe with youthful braves.

ANACAONA

She grew a maiden fair—
With long, dark, glossy hair:
As graceful as the fawn
That sports on wildwood lawn.
Her ev'ry movement brought her praise—
Such sparkling eyes! Such winning ways!

No artifice had she—
A child of nature, free—
A maiden of the wild—
With spirits undefiled!
Unrobed, like Eve in Eden fair—
A wealth of roses in her hair.

A Carib chief beheld
The maiden who excelled
All others he had seen:
He'd win her for his queen.
Xaragua's "Golden Flower" should share
Maguana's wealth and mountain air.

RETROSPECTION

She took his profered hand—
The bravest in the land.
The two were wed in love—
The Eagle and the Dove !
 From greed and strife their isle was free
 Till Spanish warriors crossed the sea.

We've seen the deadly strife,
The crushing out of life,
The treachery of war,
And crimes we all abhor ;
 Fair fields laid waste, as if by flood,
 A happy island drenched in blood !

Here let us draw the veil, to hide from sight
The crimes that cast a shadow black as night ;
Shut out the vision dread of woes untold,
Because of greed and avarice for gold.
But let the light of truth illumine the page
That brings to view Xaragua's golden age.
Whene'er we call to mind those far-off days
We'll give their queen, Anacaona, praise.

ANACOANA

ANACAONA

A NACAONA ! Thy sweet name,
Though loved, was never known to fame.
Thou wast a queen ! O, nut-brown maid !
Thy queenly graces ne'er shall fade.

Thou wast a lovely forest child,
Where all around was rude and wild.
A maiden, free from wily arts,
Beloved by all for noble parts.

No silly girl to be beguiled.
No wanton low to be reviled !
Without the aid of schools, untaught,
Thou was renowned for depth of thought.

Thy winning ways, thy noble mien,
Made thee, of all thy race, the Queen !
Xaragua's "Golden Flower" of old,
Deserves to wear a crown of gold !



OUR FOREFATHERS

OUR FOREFATHERS

OUR FOREFATHERS

A DICTATORIAL monarch ruled the land.
The law to govern all, was his command.
It mattered not, though hard-earned wealth was lost,
His word must be obeyed at any cost.
Ecclesiastic law, unyielding, too,
Assumed the right to say what all should do.
With haughty mien, proclaimed the word of God,
Then, forced submission, with uplifted rod !

'Gainst stern command of haughty king and priest,
Rebellious spirits, year by year increased.
But useless their resistance : 'twas in vain
They sought from king and priest, their rights to gain.
No arms, no men of war, at their command,
They sought new homes within a distant land.
Old homes were dear : they loved them all the more,
But fate decreed new homes on foreign shore.

OUR FOREFATHERS

Implanted deep within the human breast,
Is love of home : apart from all the rest
That one loved spot exerts a magic art—
It heightens ev'ry joy, and thrills the heart.
But, when Oppression rears its hateful form
Like threatening cloud before a coming storm,
Hope, undismayed, another home will find :
However dear, she leaves the old, behind.

The past was ended all ! With hope of gain
They, in small ships, went sailing o'er the main.
Though swept by adverse winds, and tempest tossed,
They held an onward course—the ocean crossed.
They stepped at last, upon a rock-bound coast,
A number small, but now, a mighty host !
With rugged energy, and will of steel,
They toiled for what the future might reveal.

In that new field our fathers nobly wrought.
A quiet home, and liberty, they sought.
They braved the dangers of that foreign shore
For *God*, and *truth*, and *right* ; they asked no more.
Our pilgrim fathers were a loyal band.
In spite of wrongs, they loved their father-land.
To early home and country, they'd be true,
If but allowed to have their honest due.

OUR FOREFATHERS

How much of anxious care, how much of grief—
What restless days and nights, without relief,
When enemies were feared in ev'ry sound,
When new and wild was all the country 'round.
The forest stretched away, a vast unknown ;
With trees, a continent was overgrown.
Wild beasts stalked forth, both ravenous and fierce,
With cry and call, the timid heart to pierce.

More dreaded still—the Indian warriors wild,
A menace were, to mother and to child !
Their shadows flitted over hill and dale,
And ev'rywhere was seen, the Indian trail.
Behind each bush was feared, a crouching form ;
In look of hate was seen, the threatened storm !
With conscience small, and fiendish pleasure great,
Their cruelty was measured by their hate.

With stealthy, cat-like tread, they made their rounds.
Their softly-covered feet gave forth no sounds.
With plans complete, when came the fateful day,
With one wild cry, they sprang upon their prey !
Their arrows sped like lightning through the sky ;
Their war-whoop shrill, proclaimed that *doom* was nigh.
With tomahawk and scalping-knife, they came,
And ev'rywhere they left a track of flame !

OUR FOREFATHERS

Perchance the father, fighting for his life,
Gave up, at last, a captive in the strife.
Perchance, alas ! the mother and her child
Were dragged from home to solitary wild !
Of rescue by their friends, but little chance,
While warriors 'round their fires shout and dance.
At last, they bound the father to a tree,
With wife and child quite near, that they might see.

Then came the Indian braves, their skill to try,
And tomahawk and knife went whirling by !
Oh ! cruel, *cruel* ! was the dread suspense,
When captives had no means of self-defense.
When tomahawk and knife sped through the air
And pierced the tree, with scarce an inch to spare !
A careless throw, or lack of skill, might send
The victim to a most untimely end.

Meanwhile the mother, with abated breath,
O'erwhelmed with agony far worse than death,
Beheld, with terror, that dread test of skill,
Not knowing but the very next would kill !
Oh ! hear the cry of anguish, and the groan !
Her heart is breaking ! hear the stifled moan !
Her eyes are closed—she lifts to God her prayer,
Then looks again !—behold her vacant stare !

OUR FOREFATHERS

But, *hark!* What means that rifle's sharp report?
And why do savages now stop their sport?
Another ball is whizzing through the air!
Thank God!—a band of rescuers is there!
The braves, in wild commotion, start to fly,
But 'neath those well-directed shots, they die!
The *rescue* is *complete!* safe, safe at last!
Her prayer is heard, the agony is past.

On dread imaginings we need not draw.
Such scenes as these, the early settlers saw;
Such sounds became familiar to their ears,
And hours of darkness added to their fears.
A day of hope—and then a day of dread;
A day of sunshine—then of clouds instead.
Whatever was in store, they could not know,
But they could trust in God, and onward go.

When George the III, by evil councils swayed,
In haughty mood, obnoxious laws had made;
To force them on the colonies, intent,
A troop of red-coats o'er the sea, he sent.
While quartered on the town, t' enforce the law,
No show for liberty, our sires saw.
The die was cast! and *force met force*, to wring
Our independence from a haughty king.

OUR FOREFATHERS

Grim-visaged war stalked boldly through the land,
By force, to carry out the king's command.
Our manly sires faltered not, nor quailed,
For sacred human rights had been assailed.
They left their schools, their stores, their shops and farms;
For, rather than be *slaves*, they'd take up arms.
They'd meet whatever hordes the king might send!
Their homes, their sacred rights, they would defend.

Our mothers, too, most noble, brave, and true,
How well the price of liberty, they knew.
Whate'er it cost, they'd not withhold their share;
For such a cause, they'd gladly *do* and *dare*!
When sons and husbands marched to meet the foe,
Though hearts were crushed beneath the cruel blow,
They hid their bitter grief, suppressed their tears—
And waved a last good-bye, with loyal cheers!

Oh! cruel war! the heart its secret keeps.
In silent hours of night, the mother weeps!
She cannot sleep! her thoughts are far away,
With those who'll meet the foe, at dawn of day.
The danger of that deadly strife, she knows;
She fears for what the morrow may disclose.
Beside her sleeping child, she kneels in prayer;
She pleads with God, for His protecting care.

OUR FOREFATHERS

Thou God of battles! let the right prevail.
Protect our men from armies that assail.
Lift Thou Thy mighty arm, and strike the blow
That king and counsellors henceforth may know
That base, unrighteous laws at last shall fall—
That truth and right shall triumph over all.
To Thee we look for help: in Thee we trust.
To Thee for refuge fly:—our cause is just.

At last the weary watcher greets the day:
The morning breaks, the night has passed away.
Her work begins—but what is that she hears?
It fills her heart anew with doubts and fears.
The ear is quick to catch the cannon's roar—
A sound to be forgotten *nevermore*!
It comes, resounding, o'er the distant hills,
And ev'ry anxious, waiting heart, it thrills!

It tells of conflict, and of deadly strife,
It tells the blotting out of human life!
It tells of iron hail, in blinding storms,
It tells of ghastly wounds, and mangled forms!
It tells of desolation in the home—
Of grief for those who *nevermore* will come!
Oh! cruel War! thy reign—when shall it cease,
And this wide world enjoy the reign of Peace?

OUR FOREFATHERS

Through years of hardship, and of deadly strife,
Our sires sought to save the nation's life.
For liberty and law, the hero dies!
No sacrifice too great for such a prize.
Our fathers raised the starry flag on high,
And 'neath its folds, resolved to *win or die!*
The Sons of Liberty maintained their cause:
They gained the day, and won the world's applause.

In all those great events, our fathers were—
Each in his sphere, an *Aaron* or a *Herr*,
To hold aloft, the hands of leaders brave.
Of all that they possessed, they freely gave.
True friends of law—maintainers of the right:
When enemies assailed, they dared to fight.
Well known were they, for being just and true:
Their rule in life—" *Give ev'ry man his due.*"

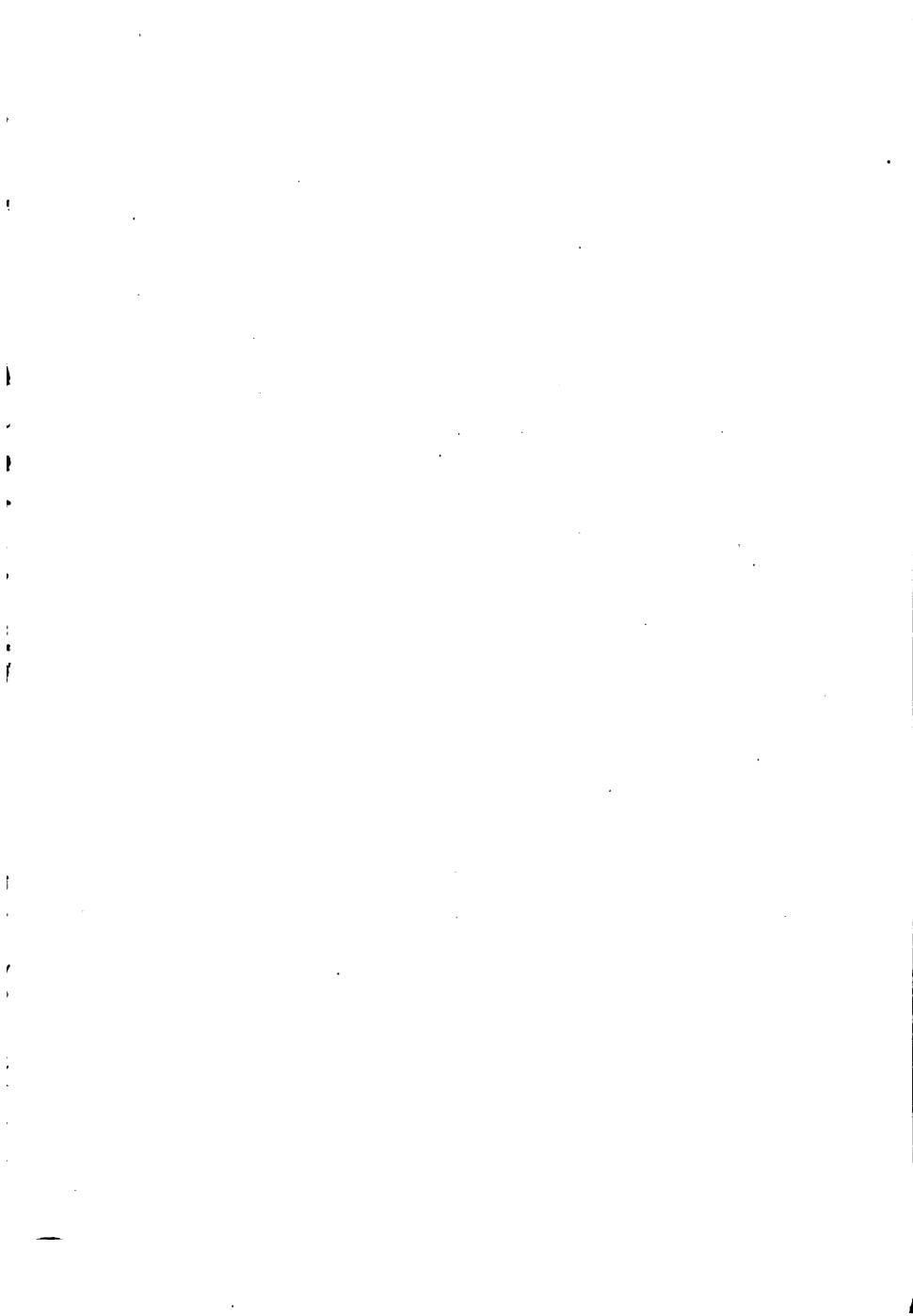
In ways of peace, or in the world's fierce strife—
We find their names in all the walks of life.
The *teacher* in the schools, with tact and skill
To mould the youthful mind—direct the will.
The *lawyer* and his brief—with points and laws
By which to best maintain his client's cause.
The *doctor*, skillfully to trace disease,
Eradicate the cause—the pain to ease.

OUR FOREFATHERS

The *minister*, with faith and ardent zeal
To labor grandly for another's weal.
To labor, not alone for worldly pelf ;
To point the way, and walk therein himself.
The *scientist*, in search of ways unknown,
By which to send his thoughts from zone to zone :
'Till all the world within his circuit lies,
And 'round the world, at will, his message flies !

The *cobbler* at his bench, with awl and last,
Gives faithful work where'er his lines are cast ;
The *mill*er in his mill, who grinds the grain,
Gives honest work, and counts it not in vain ;
The *blacksmith* at his forge, with brawny arm ;
The *farmer*, hard at work upon his farm ;
The *merchantman*—the *miner*—just the same,
We look for worth, in all who bear the name.

And now we leave the record of the past.
We must not build upon the shadows cast
By all the monuments our fathers reared :
By all the worth that hath their lives endeared.
*Let their good name a grand incentive prove,
Inciting us to valor, and to love.
Let us be true, and ever do our best,
And trust our fathers' God for all the rest.*



VOICES OF THE SNOW

SNOW-FLAKES

SNOW-FLAKES

UP in the clouds the snow-flakes form,
Darken the sky and tell of storm.
Millions of flakes are waiting there,
Ready at slightest breath of air,—
Ready to leave the murky sky,
Ready on swiftest wings to fly.
Thus to fulfil their mission grand,
Spreading a mantle o'er the land.

Millions of flakes come floating down
Over the wood, the field, the town;
Covering all alike from sight,
Covering all with robes of white.
Beautiful snow, the crystal snow!
All of its wealth we may not know.
Flakes of the storm, in ev'ry form,
Cover the earth and keep it warm.

VOICES OF THE SNOW

Far to the north, the wintry blast
Driving the snow-flakes swiftly past ;
Beating them small, like clouds of dust—
Packing them down with ev'ry gust :
Maketh huge banks that broader grow,
Under the weight of drifting snow.
Millions of flakes, athwart the sky,
Over the frozen regions fly.

Vigor and vim, the snow imparts.
Loud are the shouts of youthful hearts.
Over the snow so crisp and dry,
Sledges, well filled, go speeding by.
Merry the party, snug and warm,
Under their furs they brave the storm :
Over the snow they swiftly go,—
Joyous the heart of the Esquimau.

Down from its lofty mountain bed
Cometh the avalanche so dread !
Cometh—like thunderbolt ! with shock—
Rending the hardest granite rock !
Nothing withstands its mighty force
Nothing can change its downward course !
Engine of Death ! and yet we know
Once it was formed of flakes of snow.

SNOW-FLAKES

Snow on the mountain side so high,
Down with a crash, doth swiftly fly !
Vaulting ambitions thus may fall,
Burying hopes beyond recall !
He who seeks wealth, and pomp, and show,—
Sweetest of joys can never know.
Treasures of wisdom, let us gain :
Worldly ambitions, all are vain.

Snow in the valley, tells of rest.
Softly it falls on earth's broad breast.
Slow in descent, or swift in flight,
Beautiful crystals, pure and white.
Gems from the sky, in varied forms,
Born of the cold in wintry storms,
Ere they are touched by aught below—
Beautiful, bright, unsullied snow.

Beautiful snow ! What polished points !
Perfect in form, in parts and joints !
Beautiful, bright prismatic bars—
Crystals and crowns in perfect stars !
Beautiful jewels, frail and fair—
Work of the Master's hand is there !
Plainly they show, and all may know
God is revealed, in flakes of snow.

VOICES OF THE SNOW

TRACKS IN THE SNOW

SNOW is the hunter's great delight,
When it falls softly in the night.
Following tracks is easy then,
Game having ventured from its den.
Hunter and hound are wide awake,
Certain the freshest track to take ;
Over the fields and through the wood
Fresh fallen snow makes hunting good.

Reynard, the fox, while yet 'twas dark
Ventured abroad, and left his mark
Close by the farmer's chicken yard,
Hoping to win by working hard.
Tho' he sought entrance o'er and o'er,
Chickens were safe inside the door.
Lingering long, in hopes of winning,
Glimmers foretold the day's beginning.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW

Reynard must needs give up at last
Morning had dawned, the night had passed—
Off to the woods he swiftly ran;
Early that day the sport began.
Rover, the dog, went trotting 'round,
Reynard's fresh tracks he quickly found,
Fresh for the run, and sharp of scent,
Off like a shot, old Rover went.

Rover was trained; his bark so clear,
Telling a message far and near,
Roused up the hunters—each with gun,
Ready to watch where Reynard might run.
Quickly the horse was harnessed to go,
Quickly they glided over the snow
Off to the places where the hound,
Chasing the fox, would bring him 'round.

Many a time the fox came near,
Then, with a bound, would disappear,
Making a wider circuit 'round,
Hoping, perchance, to fool the hound.
'Twasn't an easy thing to do;
Rover was sharp, his scent was true.
Closely pursued, he could not rest,
But to escape must do his best.

VOICES OF THE SNOW

Each at his post, with gun at poise,
Waiting to hear the slightest noise—
Reynard, unless the course should change,
Quickly would come within their range.
Ears were alert ! There came a sound
Ever so slight, before the hound.
There was a puff of circling smoke,
Powder and ball the silence broke.

Reynard at once became aware
Danger and death were lurking there.
Swiftly he leaped along the way,
Hoping thereby to gain the day.
Bullets went whistling through the air,
Reynard at last was in despair.
Wounded, in pain he struggled on ;
All was in vain ; his strength was gone.

Rover was quick to scent his prey ;
Quickly he came where Reynard lay—
Finished the work so well begun,
Glad thus to end a hard day's run.
Crimson the snow where Reynard bled ;
Hunters came near and found him dead.
Reynard, that sly old chicken thief,
Ventured too far, and came to grief !

THE SNOW FORT

THE SNOW FORT

FLUFFY and soft the flakes of snow
Came from aloft to earth below :
Joining their hands, came floating down,
Spreading a blanket o'er the town.
Nature was sleeping : so with care
Softly they glided through the air.
Several inches deep they lay
Over the earth, at dawn of day.

Now, said the boys, we'll have some sport.
Out of the snow, let's build a fort.
So to an open lot they ran,
Seeking to carry out their plan.
Each of them started a ball of snow—
Rolling it on, 'twould quickly grow.
When they had reached a proper size,
All of the walls began to rise.

VOICES OF THE SNOW

After a pattern built four square
Blocks of the snow were placed with care.
Spaces between were filled till all
Made a compact, and sightly wall.
Such was their work :—walls strong and high
Could to the last, the foe defy.
Built for defence, with tier on tier,
Planned by a youthful engineer.

Some undertook to man the fort,
Some, as assailants did report.
All taking sides as best they might,
Seeking with zeal to win the fight.
Taking good aim with balls of snow—
Hitting their man o'ercame a foe.
Fierce the attack ! defended well !
Many a valiant foeman fell.

Youthful encounters such as these,
Bring out the leaders, by degrees ;
Born to command—their powers show :—
Others but follow where they go.
Battles with snow develop men,
Ready to fight for country, when
Later in life, they take their stand,
Fighting for home and fatherland.

COASTING

COASTING

SNOW on the hillside ! Clear the way !
Little sled—big sled—one-horse sleigh !
Up to the top, by willing hands,
Then they go down, in joyous bands.
Labor must come before the play :
Climb to the top, and then away.
Swift as a flash—down, down they go
Making a dash o'er trackless snow.

Shouting for joy, they race and run !
Hard the ascent, but O, what fun !
Tugging together, they reach the top ;—
Then a long ride, before they stop.
Little boys, big boys, girls as well,
Which shout the loudest ? Who can tell ?
Brightest of eyes, and cheeks aglow,
Tell of the pleasures found in snow.

VOICES OF THE SNOW

Happy young hearts! O, joyous sight!
Life is before them, all is bright.
Under the full moon's silv'ry light
Quickly the moments take their flight;
While from the hilltop down they go
Swift—like an arrow from its bow:
Faster and faster, over the snow
Dashing away, to the vale below.

Reaching at length, a stopping place,
All of the journey they retrace.
Toilsome the way, but once up there,
In the descent they all can share.
Many a slip and ugly fall—
Trials and crosses come to all:—
Never discouraged, up they rise,
Glad for the healthful exercise.

Moments are gliding by so fast!
Happiest hours end at last;
End all too soon! for Jack and Gill,
Though it is late, would linger still.
Climb to the top, *for one more ride!*
Now they are seated, side by side:
Happy, *so happy* as down they go
Joyously coasting over the snow.

WHITE AS THE SNOW

WHITE AS THE SNOW

WHITE as the snow ! O, grace divine !
Brightly God's love and mercy shine.
"Come," says the Saviour, "be my guest,
Come unto me I'll give you rest."
Precious the hope this promise gives,
Upward we look the spirit lives !
Out from the cross, broad rays of light
Flash through the darkest shades of night.

Millions of blessings from above
Come from the Father's heart of love ;
Come to His children here below,
Come like the crystal flakes of snow ;
Often unseen because of sin !
Yet, like the snow, they're sifting in.
Love of the Father speaks in all ;
Hear it ring out, in the Saviour's call.

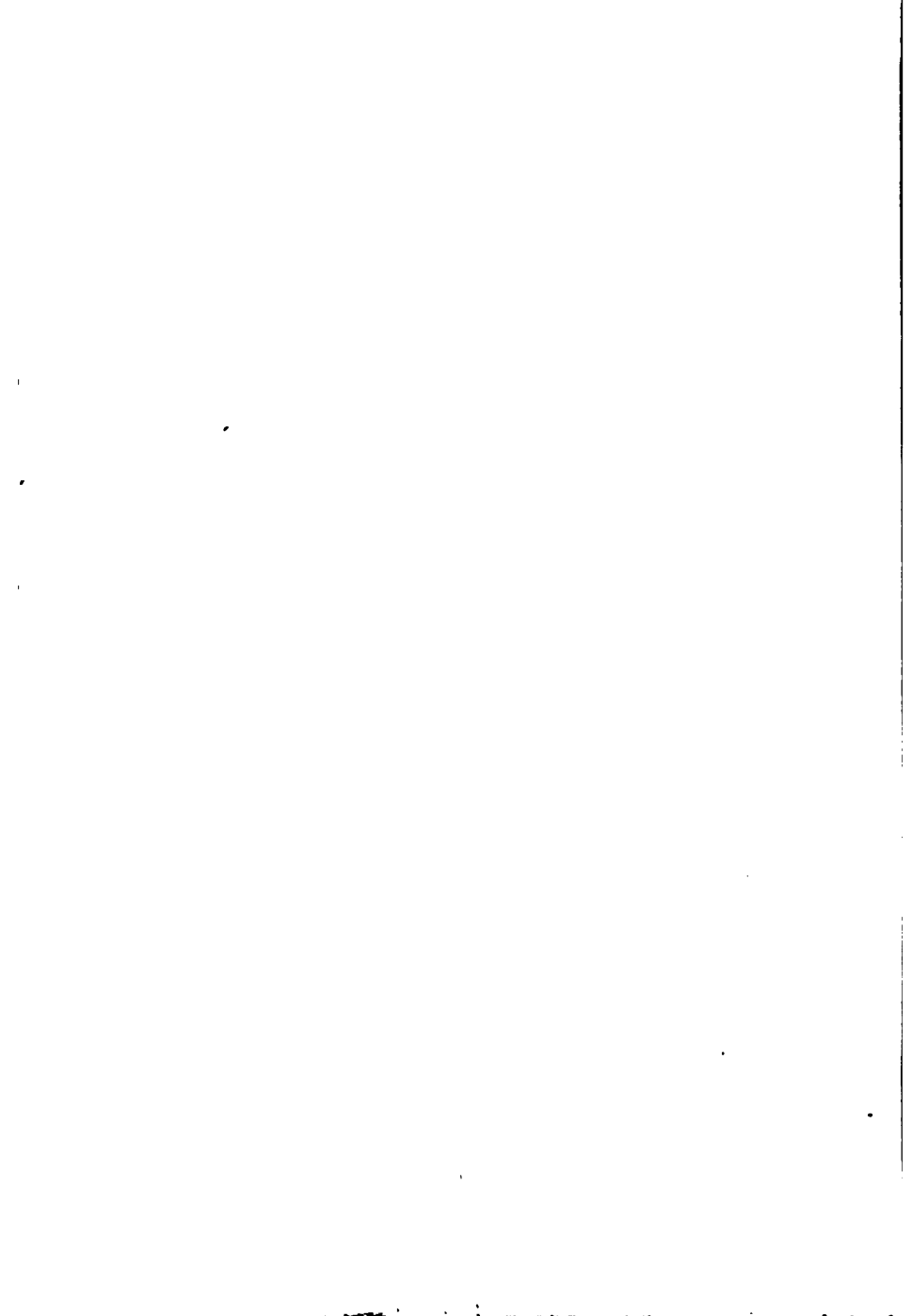
VOICES OF THE SNOW

Weary of sin, art thou, O soul?
Jesus the Saviour, maketh whole!
Heed thou His earnest, loving call—
Looking to Him, thy burdens fall.
Come unto Him! Dismiss thy fears!
Hope thou in Him, and dry thy tears.
Many thy sins, but He'll forgive:
Look to the cross! O, *look*, and *live*!

Like unto snow! so spotless—white!
Thus will appear the saints in light.
Saints once defiled, in glory shine—
Cleansed from their guilt, by pow'r divine!
White as the snow! the grace of God
Worketh redemption through the blood!
Sin and defilement hurt no more,
We shall be safe, on th' golden shore!

Thanks for the joy of pardoned sin—
Thanks for the pow'r of grace within.
Grace that will bid the tempter—Fly!
Grace that will cleanse and purify!
Thanks for the Word, by which we know
We shall be made as white as snow!
Thanks to the Father, thanks and praise,
Let us be thankful all our days.

DEVOTIONAL



THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH

IN a manger wise men found Him,
Found the Christ, the new-born King !
Lowly were the scenes around Him,
But His greatness we can sing.
He who shared the Father's glory,
Left his home and came to earth :
Oh ! how wonderful the story
Of our loving Saviour's birth.

Wise men came with costly treasure—
Came to seek Him from afar.
Sought and found Him ! boundless pleasure !
Found Him 'neath their guiding star.
Human need and mercy, meeting—
Hope could rise triumphant then.
Angels brought the joyous greeting—
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

DEVOTIONAL

HOPE

WHAT is it, that gladdens the heart of the mother
When burdened with trials, and weary with toil:—
So weary—'twould seem there was never another
Had half so much cause from her work to recoil?
'Tis Heaven born Hope! Clouds and darkness depart:
When Hope takes the helm, there is joy in the heart.

When children in school, with their studies are weary—
When lessons are hard, and they're tempted to stop:
When upward, the road seems most rugged and dreary—
'Tis Hope that can help them to climb to the top.
Hope strengthens and cheers them while pointing the way
To final success, and the dawn of the day.

Success in the schools means a noble beginning;
Whatever the work we are called to perform.
With God on our side, we are sure of winning:
This hope is the anchor that baffles the storm.
Hope strengthens the heart when our work is begun,
It gladdens the heart when our labor is done.

HOPE

Hope offers its aid to the youthful, and hoary.
To all 'tis a blessing, as free as our breath,
The Hope of the just, doth illumine with glory
The pathway of life, and the portals of death !
With Faith, and with Love,—these three sisters combining—
What joy do they bring to the world by their shining !

O, brother, let Hope give thee courage to labor
While life doth remain, while there's strength in thine arm.
Thy hand may bring aid to a perishing neighbor,
Thy voice may be needed to sound an alarm.
While time doth remain, take the work at thy door,
For soon the night cometh—we labor no more.

The work of our life, even now, may be ended :
The days of our pilgrimage near to their close.
If Hope whispers softly—" Your work is commended,"
No demon can rob us of restful repose.
Hope spanning the sky, like a beautiful bow
Gives promise—" At last we'll be white as the snow ! "

This Hope for the future, brings comfort and blessing,
A comfort for grief—and a blessing for pain.
Hope gladdens the heart far beyond all expressing—
It fills us with joy ! It is never in vain !
Hope climbs to the sky, on a ladder of love ;—
And pilots the way to bright mansions above.

DEVOTIONAL

NO HOPE

THE drunkard, asleep, on his pallet of straw
Heeds not the low sobs of the wife at his side !
He sleeps unconcerned, tho' the arm of the law,
In justice to others, must soon be applied !
Tho' love and devotion were ever around him,
The demon of drink, fast in fetters has bound him.

A life of content, with the love of his wife,
Who helped him to plan all the comforts of home.
He loved her as well as he loved his own life ;
And yet, from the right, he was tempted to roam !
A slender cord first—and he felt it but slightly—
A rope at the last ! It is holding him tightly.

One glass, at the first, for which, little he cared,
But danger was in it, what e'er he might think.
For appetite grew, with the many he shared,
Till feebly, he yielded to cravings for drink.
A longing for more, and his thirst was unceasing—
The appetite, slight at the start, kept increasing !

NO HOPE

That dear, loving wife, saw the danger and sought
To shield him, and keep him from falling, a prey !
She pled with him earnestly—pleadings were naught !
Dense clouds gathered o'er them, and darkened their way.
That home, once so lovely, so pleasant and cheerful,
No longer is theirs !—She is hopeless and tearful !

Where innocence reigned, and where love had control,
A demon has come, with his withering train,—
Dethroning the judgment and blighting the soul :
For safety or rescue, all efforts are vain !
A frightful debauch ! and the wife broken-hearted,
Is there, at his side—but her hope has departed !

At last he awakes !—and he vacantly stares—
While taking the sheriff's strong arm for support !
He's tried and condemned, and tho' earnest his prayers,
He cannot escape from the sentence of court.
No hope can he have while he thinks of his sinning—
And yet—how delightfully bright, life's beginning !

No hope ! When temptations assail and we fall ;
When vanquished, we yield to the foe ! we have then
No hope, save in One who is high over all—
No hope, but in Jesus—the Saviour of men !
In him we have hope—whatsoever assaileth !
His arm is almighty ! He ever prevailleth !

DEVOTIONAL

VOICES

A FAR on the distant horizon we see
A cloud rising, black as the night !
It grows to a tempest before which we flee :—
It thunders and showeth its might.
Majestic the cloud in its movement and form—
Impressive and grand is the voice of the storm.

When sorrow is seen in the face of a friend,
When stricken, the heart melts in tears :
When hopes that were high, in despondency end :
When life is o'ershadowed by fears !
When grieved is the heart by the sorrows that last,
It seeketh a balm in the voice of the past.

The penitent soul when it turneth away
From paths where the wicked have been ;
Finds greatest relief as it kneeleth to pray
To Jesus who saveth from sin.
Repentance, and faith richest blessings impart—
Expressed in a song—'tis the voice of the heart.

VOICES

How rich is the voice when we hear it in praise,

When clouds o'er the spirit are riven :

How light is the heart and how bright are the days

When the penitent soul is forgiven.

Ring out the great truth—"Jesus maketh thee whole,"

How sweet, O how sweet ! 'tis the voice of the soul.

DEVOTIONAL

LIFE'S CONFLICT

A WAKE O Sleeper! Wake!
The night is gone, and hours begin
When thou must work if thou would'st win.
Foxes lie without, and foes within.

A wreck of life would make
There's much to do, and moments fly.
The van will soon be climbing high!
On couch of ease no longer lie:

Thy drowsy slumbers break.

Awake, Awake!

Heed thou the call, Arise!
Pierce enemies are just before.
Think not they're on a foreign shore,
The conflict meets thee at thy door.

Guard well against surprise.
Thy foes would strike thee unawares!
Be thou alert! for deadly snares
Are oft concealed in worldly cares,
Which prove their best disguise.

Arise, Arise!

LIFE'S CONFLICT

Though fierce the strife, Stand fast !
When passions boldly thee assail,
Let not their dread assaults prevail.
Stand ! Firmly stand ! thou need'st not fail ;
A mighty friend thou hast.
Stand ever on the side of right,
Defending truth with all thy might—
Thy greatest foes shall take their flight
And thou shalt win at last.
Stand fast, stand fast !

Stand fast in God alone !
When appetite would gain control,
And, like a mighty billow, roll
To crush the bulwarks of thy soul,
Look thou to God alone !
To God, who hath all power to save !
He giveth strength, He maketh brave !
He curbs the passions—stills the wave !
Trust thou in God alone !
In God alone !

DEVOTIONAL

JESUS WITH US

JESUS with us all our days,
This the promise He hath given :
This our ev'ry fear allays,
In our pilgrimage to Heaven.
Jesus with us all our days,
Floods the earth with golden rays.

Jesus with us when our joy
Ssprings responsive from the heart ;
When sweet peace without alloy,
Doth its blessedness impart.
Jesus with us, joys increase,
Gladness, meekness, love and peace.

Jesus with us, when in grief,
We are burdened and depressed.
Jesus with us, and relief
Comes to soothe and give us rest.
Jesus with us, grief departs,
Joy and gladness fill our hearts.

JESUS WITH US

Jesus with us, when our cares
Are a load to drag us down.
He our ev'ry burden shares—
He will help us win a crown.
Jesus maketh burdens light,
Cares depressing take their flight.

Jesus with us, when our pain
Seemeth more than we can bear;
When all human aid is vain,
We to Jesus can repair.
Pain may still be ours to face,
But we triumph through His grace.

Joy, or grief, or care, or pain,
Jesus with us, all is well.
Hope in Him is not in vain
When, by faith, in Him we dwell.
Jesus with us all our days !
Gladly let us sing His praise.

DEVOTIONAL

THE UNIVERSE

GLORIOUS the starry night—
Grand the Milky Way.
Glorious the dawning light
And grand the op'ning day.
Myriads of worlds in space!—
Who but *God* all worlds can trace?
Great and glorious and grand,—
All proclaim His guiding hand.

Planets rise and planets set,—
All obey His will.
His commands they ne'er forget,
His purpose they fulfil.
Onward through the countless years,
Onward roll those shining spheres.
Worlds on worlds! Not one shall fall —
God is maker of them all.

OLIVET

OLIVET

THE rightful Heir was on his way
And many came their palms to bring;
Jerusalem before him lay,
Unconscious of her King!
A multitude, their voices raised—
With loud hosannas, Him they praised,
On Olivet.

On Olivet, the Saviour wept—
He saw, with grief, the coming woe;
In vision, saw the city swept
By her victorious foe!
In vision, saw approaching doom—
The night of darkness and of gloom
On Olivet.

DEVOTIONAL

One place without the city's gate
More dear to Him than all beside.
'Twas not the home of those called great,
'Twas not the home of pride.
Nor fame, nor wealth did there abound,
'Twas where true-hearted friends were found
On Olivet.

One place for Him at close of day
When from His work He sought repose;
Across the Kedron took His way—
A humble home He chose.
With friends congenial, He could rest,
'Twas such a home He loved the best
On Olivet.

O Bethany! thy honor great!
The Son of man found rest from care,
He turned from venom, scorn, and hate,
A humble home to share,
True hearts had touched a human chord—
Had won the love of Christ the Lord
On Olivet.

OLIVET

At Bethany He spoke the word
Which ope'd the grave and raised the dead !
One cold in death, the summons heard—
He lived ! the darkness fled !
The Christ was God ! the living Word !
The voice of God, in Christ was heard
On Olivet.

O, Olivet ! O, honored place !
The last on which the Saviour trod !
Time's ravages can ne'er efface
The impress of a God !
Disciples gazed in rapt surprise,
While Jesus passed beyond the skies
From Olivet.

DEVOTIONAL

LIFE'S GOAL

WINGS of the morning are ready for flight,
Shadows receding—on cometh the light;
Keep thine eyes ever on life's final goal;
Never forget thou the home of the soul.

"Onward and upward"—true motto for life:
Never despairing tho' fierce be the strife;
Be it in sunshine, or be it in storm,
Helping another will keep the heart warm.

Cheerful in spirit and loving withal;
Give thy best service where duty may call.
Heed thou the voices that speak to the heart,
Firmly commanding all else to depart.

Joy in true living is joy that will last;
Seek it wherever thy lot may be cast.
Be thou a helper—a blessing to all:
Flowers of gladness will bloom at thy call.

LIFE'S GOAL

**Not for the present alone shouldst thou live,
Not to thy kindred alone shouldst thou give ;
Broad be thy vision, far-reaching thy thought,
The world should be better because thou hast wrought.**

**Pleasures are fleeting, build not on their worth ;
Put not thy trust in the bawbles of earth ;
Keep thine eyes ever on life's final goal ;
Never forget thou the home of the soul.**

DEVOTIONAL

RETROSPECTION AND EXHORTATION

STOP! In thine onward course, O, man,
Consider what thy life hath been!
At best, 'tis but the briefest span—
The start—the finish—what between?
With thoughtful care thy life review:
If wrong, 'tis found, then start anew.

Hath riches thine incentive been
Through all the years now past and gone?
From wealth which thou hast sought to win
Hast thou thine inspiration drawn?
The rich who trust in riches fail!
Their hoarded wealth will not avail.

Hast thou to heights of fame aspired,
As trooper bold on prancing steed?
And loud acclaim hast thou desired
For lofty aim and daring deed?
Oft fame is gained at frightful cost,
And laurels won are quickly lost.

RETROSPECTION AND EXHORTATION

Hast thou for selfish purpose wrought,
Thyself the aim and end of all?
Thine exaltation hast thou sought
Regardless of another's fall?
Such course deserves to miss the goal!
A selfish spirit dwarfs the soul.

Hath pleasure borne thee on its tide
To spicy groves in fairy isles—
To ports where revelers abide
And listless indolence beguiles?
Like mists of morn earth's pleasures fly,
And revels ne'er can satisfy.

O soul! consider well thy ways,
And turn from that which drags thee down.
Seek thou the Christ for coming days
And thou shalt wear the victor's crown!
The Prince of Peace will plead for thee;
From all thy sins thou shalt be free.

What thou hast been, whate'er thou art,
Undaunted face the coming year.
Ope thou the portals of thine heart
And thy Redeemer shall appear.
When conscience chides, fear not the rod,
But place thy loving trust in God.

DEVOTIONAL

FAITH IN GOD

WHEN dangers come, we fear the worst ;
And yet, God rules and reigns above.
He has a purpose from the first,
He rules and reigns in love.

We know not why, we see not how,
And yet, God's plans for us are best.
Whatever comes—to Him we'll bow—
In Him we'll trust—and rest.

Whate'er befalls—the time will come
When darkness fades before the light.
When we, with joy shall reach our home,
A home forever bright.

This faith in God, shall be our stay,
Our anchor when wild billows roll.
The fiercest storms shall pass away,
There's safety for the soul.

GRATITUDE

GRATITUDE

REJOICE, rejoice ! the clouds have fled,
There's vigor in each breath of air :
The bright, clear sky is overhead,
There's sunshine everywhere.

The pain is gone, the smile returns,
The voice resumes its wonted tone.
The waiting heart its lesson learns,
And trusts in God, alone.

The restful look—the speaking eyes
Are signs of health restored once more.
For them, a song of praise shall rise,
Rejoicing, we adore.

For all our blessings here below,
May grateful hearts responsive be.
Henceforth may all our actions show
Our love, dear Lord, for Thee.

DEVOTIONAL

GOD'S WONDROUS LOVE

BECAUSE of God's most wondrous love,
Hope points the way to Heaven above.
To God, let us our voices raise
In sweet, harmonious songs of praise.

God's wondrous love in Christ we see,
In Christ, who died on Calvary.
Till Jesus came, no power could save:
He rose triumphant o'er the grave!

To save from sin, the Saviour came.
O'er sin we triumph, "In His Name."
Through Him, redemption spans the sky,
And clouds of doubt and darkness fly!

Redemption! Let its echo reach
To farthest shore! O may it teach
The contrite soul to look above,
And trust in God's most wondrous love.

A LITTLE WHILE

A LITTLE WHILE.

A FEW more years—'tis but a little while—
Our work all done, our weary feet at rest.
Tho' full-orbed moon and rising sun still smile
On lowest plane and highest mountain crest,
They call us not to joys that come with sight;
Earth's brightest scenes are wrapped in shades of night.
A little while! We change as all things must:
These mortal frames shall crumble into dust!

Whate'er our work, that work will end at last—
The joy, the grief, the pleasure and the pain.
The end will come! Where'er our lines are cast,
All helps shall fail; all earthly props prove vain.
The friends of youth who joined us in our plays,
Our school-day friends, and friends of later days—
All, one by one, have gone, or soon will go;
From life to death, there is a constant flow.

DEVOTIONAL

But, O what joy ! When Death hath claimed its own,
The morning breaks of life's unending day !
When earthly scenes and earthly joys have flown,
Our spirits, freed, enraptured, fly away !
No sickness there, no pain, no stifled breath—
No sighs, no tears, no crushing griefs, no death !
O joy of joys ! of God's free Spirit born !
We gladly hail the Resurrection morn.

THE SUNSET HOUR

THE SUNSET HOUR

'TIS the quite sunset hour—
Hushed the voices of the day.
On each tree and shrub and flower,
Softly falls a golden ray.
Just a *shade*, a blush of roses
On the lap of earth reposes.
Restful hour! hearts rejoice,
For 'tis Nature's silent voice!

Lofty hillsides catch the glory
Of the quiet sunset hour.
Tow'ring mountains bold and hoary,
Glow, beneath its magic power.
Watch the vision while it changes
On the hills and mountain ranges:—
From this picture, fair and bright,
Softly fades the golden light!

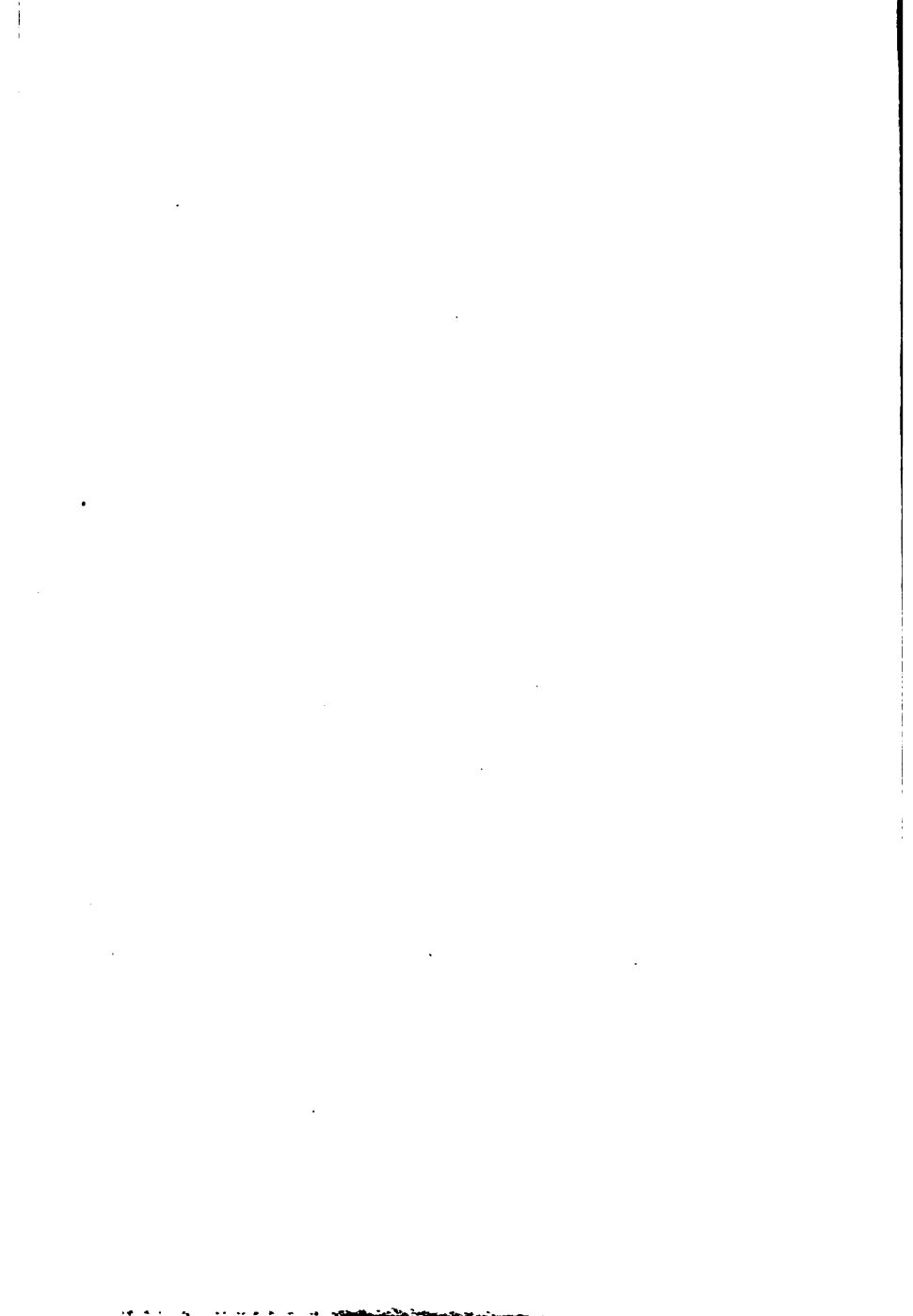
DEVOTIONAL

On the mountain-side descending,—
Faces toward the setting sun :
Hand in hand—their day is ending—
They—whose hopes and lives are one.
They are near the sunset hour—
They behold its magic power.—
Blending sunbeams light the way,
Leading on, to endless day.

Childish hopes and fears—departed.
Vain, earthborn ambitions—fled.
Wiser, now, than when they started,
On, they move, with cautious tread.
Many friends have passed—are passing—
On the farther shore they're massing :
Joys of heaven far transcend
Earthly joys that quickly end.

Sunset hour ! full of blessing :
Labors, cares and conflicts cease.
Golden rays our hopes expressing
Whisper—gladness, joy and peace.
We, forgiving and forgiven,
Hope for all the joys of heaven.
Clouds of darkness cease to lower,
Welcome, welcome—sunset hour !

PATRIOTIC



THE FLAG OF FREEDOM

THE FLAG OF FREEDOM

ON its folds uniting—
Stars within the blue ;
Red and white delighting
In a union true.
This our flag ! unique creation !
Emblem of a mighty nation.

Fling it to the breezes !
Wave it high in air !
Ev'ry color pleases,
Give it loyal care.
'Tis the flag our fathers gave us,
From all foes that flag shall save us.

Flag of Freedom ! Wave it
When the cannons roar !
Think of those who gave it,
Prize it all the more.
'Neath that banner, falter never !
Let it rouse to grand endeavor.

PATRIOTIC

Flag of Freedom ! Cheer it—
Red and white and blue !
For its past revere it,
Standing for the true.
On the land or on the ocean
Hail it with a true devotion.

Where that flag doth lead us,
We will ever go ;
When our armies need us,
We will face the foe.
From the mountain and the valley,
'Neath that flag we proudly rally.

For its past of glory
We exultant sing ;
Grand in song and story,
Let the welkin ring !
Flag of Freedom ! Grand and glorious !
'Neath that flag we march victorious.

Bravest hearts are lightest,
When their battles cease ;
And, our flag is brightest
'Neath the reign of Peace.
Grand in war, yet most we love it,
When the skies are bright above it.

THE LOYAL AND TRUE

THE LOYAL AND TRUE

THE graves of our heroes
We cherish with pride.
Unselfish and loyal,
For others they died !
So bravely they met
The assaults of our foes,
Our country outlives
All their traitorous blows.

Their battles are over—
Their victories gained.
By gallant devotion
Our rights they maintained.
Their lives they gave up
Our loved country to save—
Their sleep is the sleep
Of the True and the Brave !

PATRIOTIC

**Remembering their crosses,
Their trials and pains,
We grieve for their losses,
While sharing their gains.
Rebellion they met
And with vigor assailed ;
Their losses were great
Ere our armies prevailed.**

**All honor to heroes
Who stood for the right
Till rebels were vanquished
And scattered in flight.
Their record must stand !
It inspires and cheers ;
It must not be lost
In the flight of the years.**

**Such faithful devotion
Recalling to-day,
We bring for a garland,
Choice flowers of May ;
Our tribute of love
For the brave "Boys in Blue,"
When many were false,
They were loyal and true !**

THE LOYAL AND TRUE

A halo of glory,
For each in his place ;
In song and in story,
Their valor we trace.
Reverses they met
With a dominant will—
Their faith in success—
Was unfaltering still.

The flag of our country
Floats proudly to-day :—
Our Union combining
The " Blue and the Gray."
One country ! one flag !
Undivided we stand,
Give praise to our God,
For the help of His hand.

PATRIOTIC

CELEBRATE THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

CELEBRATE the nation's birth,
Tell its cost, and tell its worth.
Let us gladly hail the day
When our sires said, that they
Free would be from tyrant's pow'r—
Never more like slaves would cow'r!
Said the word—and in their might
Put their enemies to flight.

Celebrate the glorious Fourth,
In the South and in the North.
Let the mighty cannon's roar
Fill the land from shore to shore.
Let the flash of ev'ry gun
Tell of battles lost, and won.
Tell of valiant heroes slain—
Counting death for freedom, gain!

CELEBRATE THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

Let the roar of cannon, tell
For the land we love so well,
Tell of freedom here maintained—
Freedom which our fathers gained.
Precious treasure ! let us prize
That for which a hero dies.
That for which our fathers fought :
May it never come to naught.

Let the orator proclaim
What is now historic fame.
Tell what heroes have endured
For the freedom they procured.
Tell of glory all our own
In the name of Washington.
Teach both young and old to love
That for which our fathers strove.

Lift the banner of the free,
On this day of jubilee !
Lift the banner, let it wave
O'er our soldiers, true and brave.
Lift the banner high in air—
Keep it floating, ev'rywhere.
'Neath its folds, we'll rally, all,
When we hear our country's call.

PATRIOTIC

Ring the bells! the joyous bells!
Ev'ry stroke, for freedom tells.
Ring the message loud and clear;
Let it echo far and near.
Here we're free! no tyrant's chain
E'er can bind our hands again.
Shout for joy! 'tis not a dream!
Let the grand old eagle scream!

A NATION'S BIRTH

A NATION'S BIRTH

HAIL to the Fourth! to the Fourth of July!
The day when our fathers declared
Rather than yield to a wrong they would die!
To be slaves, they were quite unprepared.
They unfurled to the breezes
The flag of the free,
When the red-coated warriors
Came over the sea.

Hail to the Fourth! to that day of renown
When our fathers pledged all to the cause!
Firmly resisted demands of the crown,
That were made through iniquitous laws.
They were noble and manly—
Not basely depraved!
A nation of freemen
Could ne'er be enslaved!

PATRIOTIC

Hail to the Fourth! for they scorned to be slaves!
On that day they arose in their might;
Launching their ship on the turbulent waves
They invoked Heaven's aid for the right!
And that ship has been freighted
For many a year
With the choicest of blessings
To gladden and cheer.

Hail to the Fourth! when the lion's fierce roar
Softened down to a monotone rare.
Proudly the eagle so quiet before
Then began its bold flight through the air.
Noble bird of the nation!
Proud bird of the sky!
'Tis with joy that we hail thee
This Fourth of July.

Hail to the Fourth! 'tis the gem of the year—
'Tis the day when we honor our sires;
Bravest of men! to our hearts they are dear;
To their greatness the hero aspires.
As the loud roar of battle
The nation awoke,
Let the cannon belch volumes
Of fire and smoke!

A NATION'S BIRTH

**Hail to the Fourth ! fling our flag from the mast—
From the fort, from the schoolhouse and home.
Cheers for the flag ! while recalling the past,
Ring the bells from each steeple and dome !
Let the bells banish sadness
When wakes the glad morn.
Let their tones tell with gladness
A nation was born !**

PATRIOTIC

RETROSPECTION

MEN combining and defining
Rights of man, prepared the way;
Laid the nation's firm foundation,—
Reared the nation of to-day.

Homes protecting, wrongs rejecting,
States combining for defense :
Rights maintaining, freedom gaining,—
This their glorious recompense.

Who could ever think to sever
Bands uniting State with State ?
This the story of our glory—
Union made us truly great.

Disunited, we invited
Ruin, from our weakest foe.
Never could we, never would we
Let our much prized *Union* go.

RETROSPECTION

But dissensions and contentions,
Marked the growth of slavery's pow'r.
Slave extension or prevention,
Was the question of the hour.

Philanthropic, patriotic
Men declared, a curse so great,
So beguiling and defiling,
Ne'er should blight another State.

An election brought protection
To our territories fair.
Vindication for the nation
Came with *Lincoln* in the chair.

Without reason for their treason,
Southern rebels took the field.
Self-reliant and defiant
They declared the *North* should yield!

Then assailing and prevailing,—
Sumter fell before their fire!
Troops in full run down at *Bull Run*,
Raised their expectations higher.

PATRIOTIC

We remember, well remember
When the distant cannon's roar
Made us wonder! when their thunder
Shook the land from shore to shore.

Oh! the sadness and the madness
Of that cruel, deadly strife!
Foes most blindly and unkindly,
Had assailed the nation's life!

None could meet them, or defeat them,
This their trust in *Southern* worth:
But the sequel showed their equal
In the armies of the *North*.

No defeating—no retreating,
Blighted hopes of *Northern* men.
Still renewing, still pursuing,
For the *right* they tried again.

Human slavery called for bravery
To expel it from the land.
In that hour men of power
And of courage, were at hand.

RETROSPECTION

Arms victorious ! triumph glorious !
Truth and right at last prevail.
Wrongs are righted, States united,
Nevermore may foes assail.

Many perished that were cherished
By the lowly and the great.
Truest hearted sons departed,—
Gave their lives to save the State.

* * * * *

One more twelve-month,—we are meeting
'Round the old and new-made graves :
Bringing flowers for the greeting—
Flowers for our fallen braves !

Hush the drum-beat—hush the foot-fall,
Bend the knee and bow the head.
List in silence—list the roll-call,
Thousands more are with the dead !

Softly, softly place the flowers
On the graves of those we love.
Softly, softly like the showers
Falling gently from above.

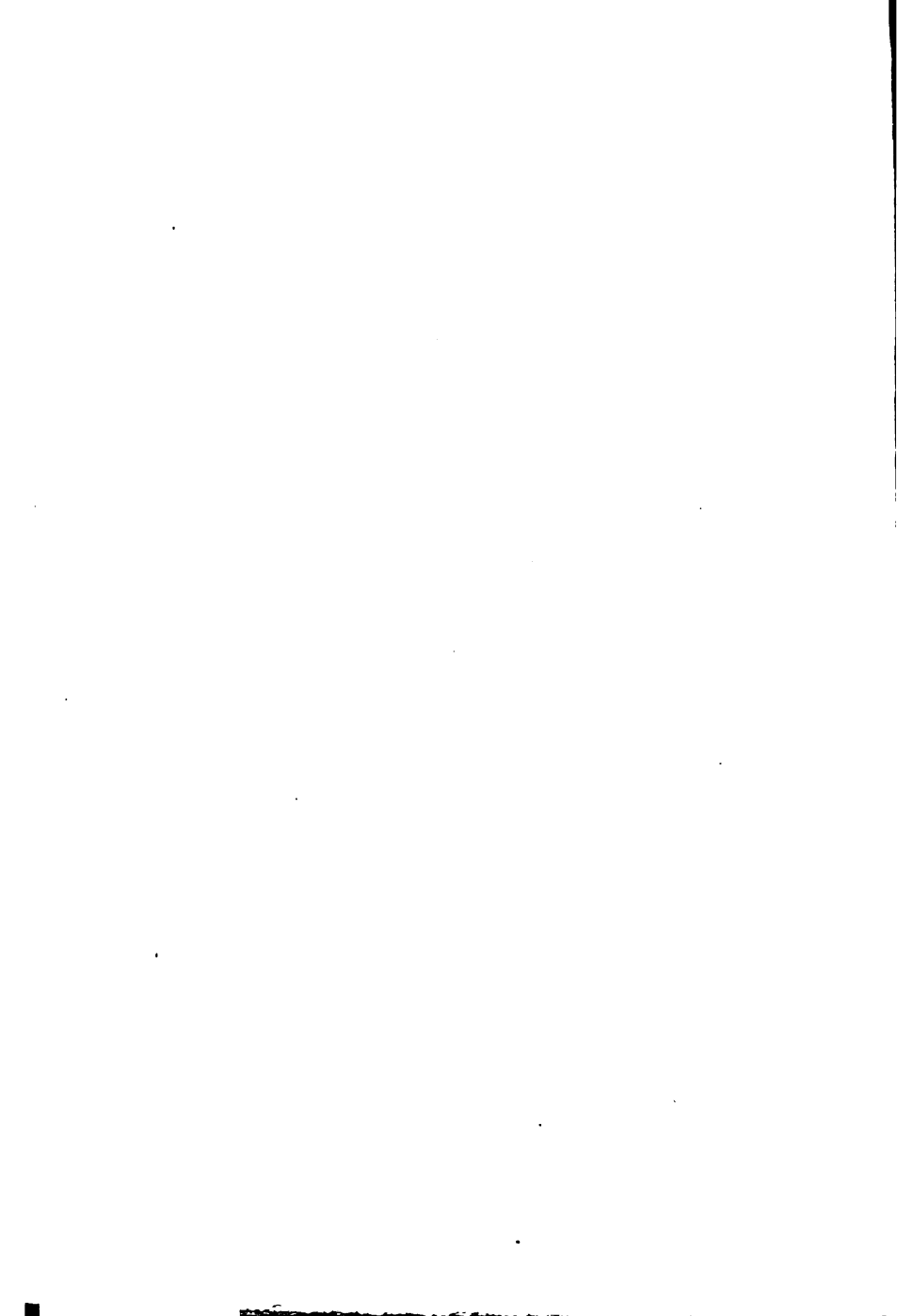
PATRIOTIC

**Flow'rs are telling, sweetly telling
Of our valiant volunteers.
Sweetly telling hearts are swelling
With a love undimmed by years.**

**Let the flowers fall in showers
Where departed heroes lie.
May their glory live in story
While the years go gliding by.**

**Let the lily of the valley,
And the sweetly scented rose
Tell of sadness and of gladness
Where our gallant sons repose.**

SONGS



FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP

TO L. F. F.

FOSTER a spirit of friendship,
O give it a place in thy heart.
Pleasures of living are heightened
By joys that our friendships impart.
O give it a place,
Let nothing efface
The joys that our friendships impart.

Friendship when true and abiding
Is next to the spirit of love.
Helpful, unselfish, confiding,
A spirit that's born from above.
O give it a place,
Let nothing efface
A friendship that's born from above.

Foster a spirit of friendship;
Its purity giveth it worth.
Fair as a lily, is friendship,
It blesses and gladdens the earth.
O give it a place,
Let nothing efface
A blessing that gladdens the earth.

SONGS

GLAD HOURS

O THE joyous morning hour—
Fresh with pearly dew.
Forth it comes, in mighty power,
Making all things new.
Glad we greet its cheering rays—
Loving hearts rejoice.
Gratefully we sing its praise,
Sing with heart and voice.

O the restful sunset hour—
With its mellow light,
Sweetly soothing is its power—
Shading into night.
Silently the shadows fall—
Passions sink to rest.
Peace comes near with balm for all—
Peace, the welcome guest.

GLAD HOURS

O the joyous morning hour—
Perfect type of youth.
O the restful sunset hour,
In the ways of truth.
Life in youth and life in age—
Blessings all our days.
Life, complete in every stage,
Calls for songs of praise.

SONGS

THE ORIOLE

BEAUTIFUL Oriole, out on the tree,
Joyous and happy as happy can be.
There is its home to a limb tightly bound
Swaying so gracefully far from the ground.
Swinging and swaying up ever so high
That is the little birds "Rock-a-by-bye."

Cunningest nest—with a cord it is bound
Passing within, and without and around
Holding the mosses, the grasses and all,
Making a pocket inside of a ball.
There the young birds swinging safely so high
Hear their fond mother sing—"Rock-a-by-bye!"

Beautiful Oriole, flitting around
On the tree top and then down to the ground
Bright as the day and as joyous as bright
Watching with care from the morning till night
Watching the home until little ones fly,
Singing so joyously, "Rock-a-by-bye."

SWEET REPOSE

SWEET REPOSE

SOFTLY as the Summer sun
Sinks to rest when day is done;
So the aged pilgrim goes
Seeking rest and sweet repose.
When the heart is stirred within
As by war's fierce strife and din;
Then are passions, uncontrolled,
Rushing steeds and warriors bold!
But wars shall cease, and haughty foes
Shall welcome peace and sweet repose.

Gentle zephyrs fan the cheek,
Cheer the strong and aid the weak;
Soothe the weary throbbing brain,
Kiss the brow and banish pain.
Mighty winds go rushing by;
Trees, uprooted, rise and fly!
Climbing waves with rush and roar
Madly break along the shore!
But winds and waves and haughty foes
Shall rest at last in sweet repose.

SONGS

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

FORTH from his nest far away on the height,
Roused from his sleep by the dawning of light;
Sweeping his eye o'er a boundless expanse,
Nothing is hid from his sharp-sighted glance!
Spreading his wings, he is soon out of sight.
Bird of the free! O, how rapid his flight!
See the proud bird as he speeds through the air!
Emblem of strength, of protection and care.

Swift his descent when he captures his prey!
Bravely aloft, then he bears it away.
Bears it away to that towering crest,
Where, in his pride, he hath builded his nest.
There, on the rock, 'neath the heaven's blue dome,
Eaglets await his return to the home.
See the proud bird as he speeds through the air!
Emblem of strength, of protection and care.

VISIONS OF HOPE

VISIONS OF HOPE

JOYOUSLY on, from the glad days of childhood,
See the fair maiden so happy and free.
Lightly she skips o'er the meadow and wildwood,
Thinking the while what her future will be.
Bright visions appear, they are spanning the sky,
Forebodings of evil before them must fly.

CHORUS.

Bright visions of hope! may they never depart:
Hope whispers the words that bring joy to the heart.
(Repeat.)

Beautiful pictures before her are rising—
Loves of the angels were never more sweet.
Fanciful dreams, all of Nature's devising,
Fairies have wrought for the paths of her feet.
Hope, taking her hand, kindly leads her along
And gladdens the way with sweet music and song.

CHORUS.

Bright visions of hope! may they never depart:
Hope whispers the words that bring joy to the heart.
(Repeat.)

Music by Prof. Samuel Eppinger.

SONGS

JUST A FANCY

'T WAS a fancy! shall I say it?
'Twas a fancy—nothing more,
All about a little maiden
'Twould be easy to adore:
Little maiden, fair and free—
Blithe as any bird could be.

As she passed a youth, her glances
Made him think his love would please;
Then he thought—she was coquetting—
That she only meant to tease!
That the maiden bright and gay,
Had no heart to give away.

But with longings oft he eyed her,
She was such a charming lass!
Oft he wished himself beside her—
Hard it was to let her pass.
But the time went gliding by,
She was coy, and he was shy!

JUST A FANCY

Still he thought she was coquetting—

That she had no heart to feel.

'Twas a fancy, for the maiden

Had a heart as true as steel!

This, how glad he was to know,

All the while, he loved her so!

Years have come and years have vanished,

Fancy is not in it!

When you find a true heart beating,

Better try to win it.

Win it—make it all your own—

Make your heart its happy throne.

SONGS

A REMEMBRANCE

O THE happy days of childhood !
Backward now, with joy we look.
Through the meadow and the wildwood,
And along the winding brook ;
There we sought the bright May flowers—
Bright because of April showers :
Sought and found them in their hiding—
Some, in ev'ry nook abiding :
 Made from them a choice bouquet—
 O, how sweet the flow'rs of May !

What a lot of lads and lasses—
Scholars, just from school set free :
Naught in all the world surpasses
 Their exultant jubilee—
As from school, they all went Maying—
All, in groups and pairs, went straying
Through the meadow and the wildwood,
O ! the happy days of childhood !
 Happy days ! the happy days !
 Joyfully we sing their praise.

A REMEMBRANCE

What a cheerful May-day party!
O! I see their faces yet.
All so joyous, hale and hearty,
Not a shadow of regret!
Footsteps light—their hearts were lighter!
Eyes were bright—their hopes were brighter!
O, what joy! 'tis joy to trace it—
Vexing cares can ne'er efface it.
Sweet remembrance! Happy days!
Ever bright with golden rays!

SONGS

THE SONG OF THE PIONEERS

FAR, far away, a country new
Invites us there to settle.
Our hopes are one, our hearts are true,
We have the nerve and mettle.
That far off land shall be our home,
We'll settle down no more to roam.

The thought of home is quite enough,
A home is worth the trial.
Tho' times are hard and paths are rough,
We'll practice self-denial.
We'll make a cheerful, happy home
From which we will not care to roam.

We'll leave the scenes of early days—
Old homes and friendly neighbors;
And brighter skies with golden rays
Will lighten all our labors.
We see a home that's all our own,
And fields of grain that we have sown!

THE SONG OF THE PIONEERS

The golden vision cheers us so,
The dear old ties we sever,
Far, far we go, and time shall show
Success for love's endeavor.
Our hopes are bright, our hearts are light,
Foreboding fears have taken flight.

We'll trust in God. His watchful care
Shall be a shield around us.
Life's labors, joys and griefs we'll share,
And nothing shall confound us,
A home we'll win where love shall reign,
Such home is greatest earthly gain.

SONGS

CUBAN FREEDOM

FROM that island fair, rising on the air—
Hear the cry of Cuban braves.
Nobly they have wrought, bravely they have fought—
Nevermore shall they be slaves !
“ Uncle Sam ” has heard ! He has passed his word,
Cuban rights shall now prevail.
Sound the jubilee ! Cuba shall be free !
Spain shall nevermore assail—
Spain must now her crimes bewail.
Uncle Sam’s brave boys are there
Hear the music in the air !

Many cruel blows from their Spanish foes
Have they suffered in the past,
But the end is near ! Never, never fear !
Spain shall bite the dust at last.
Lofty heads shall bow ! Cuba rises now—
Rises from her low estate.
Lift her banner high ! Let it proudly fly !
That fair isle shall yet be great :
Great, in spite of Spanish hate.
Uncle Sam’s brave boys are there,
Hear the music in the air !

CUBAN FREEDOM

With the voice of song, pass the word along—
Fill the air with grateful praise.
Cuban freedom gained, truth and right maintained—
O, the dawn of brighter days !
Victory we see ! Cuba, fair and free,
Free from Spain's uplifted rod !
Spain, that haughty race, takes a lower place,
Cuba heeds no more her nod.
Cuban freedom is of God !
Uncle Sam's brave boys shall raise
Shouts of joy and songs of praise !

SONGS

A ROMANCE

The Dream

(Lily)—

O Charley, come here, and I'll tell you
my dream.

I saw you and Sue on the bridge o'er the
stream.

You looked in the water—you smiled
and she too—

And then—*and then*—Charley, what
else did you do?

The Surprise

(Charles aside)—(O was it a dream that she saw me with
Sue?)

Dear Lily, you know that all dreams are not
true.

(Lily)—

But this was so real ! why Charley, you
know

That down to that stream very often
you go.

A ROMANCE

The Challenge

(Charles)— Come, Lily, with me. Let us go to the
place
We'll look in the stream and perchance we
can trace
A picture more real than aught found
in dreams,
More real are pictures reflected in
streams!

Challenge Accepted

Then down to the bridge, went the two
just for fun,
Light hearted and merry, they went on the
run!—
And soon they were standing where
Sue and Charles stood—
As seen in the dream!—Charley's
chances were good.

Taking Advantage

(Charles)— Now look in the water so glassy and clear—
Don't think there is danger for I am quite
near

SONGS

(Lily)—

O Charles, I shall fall ! (Now the picture is hid !)

O Charley, you rascal ! That's just what you did !

Sequel

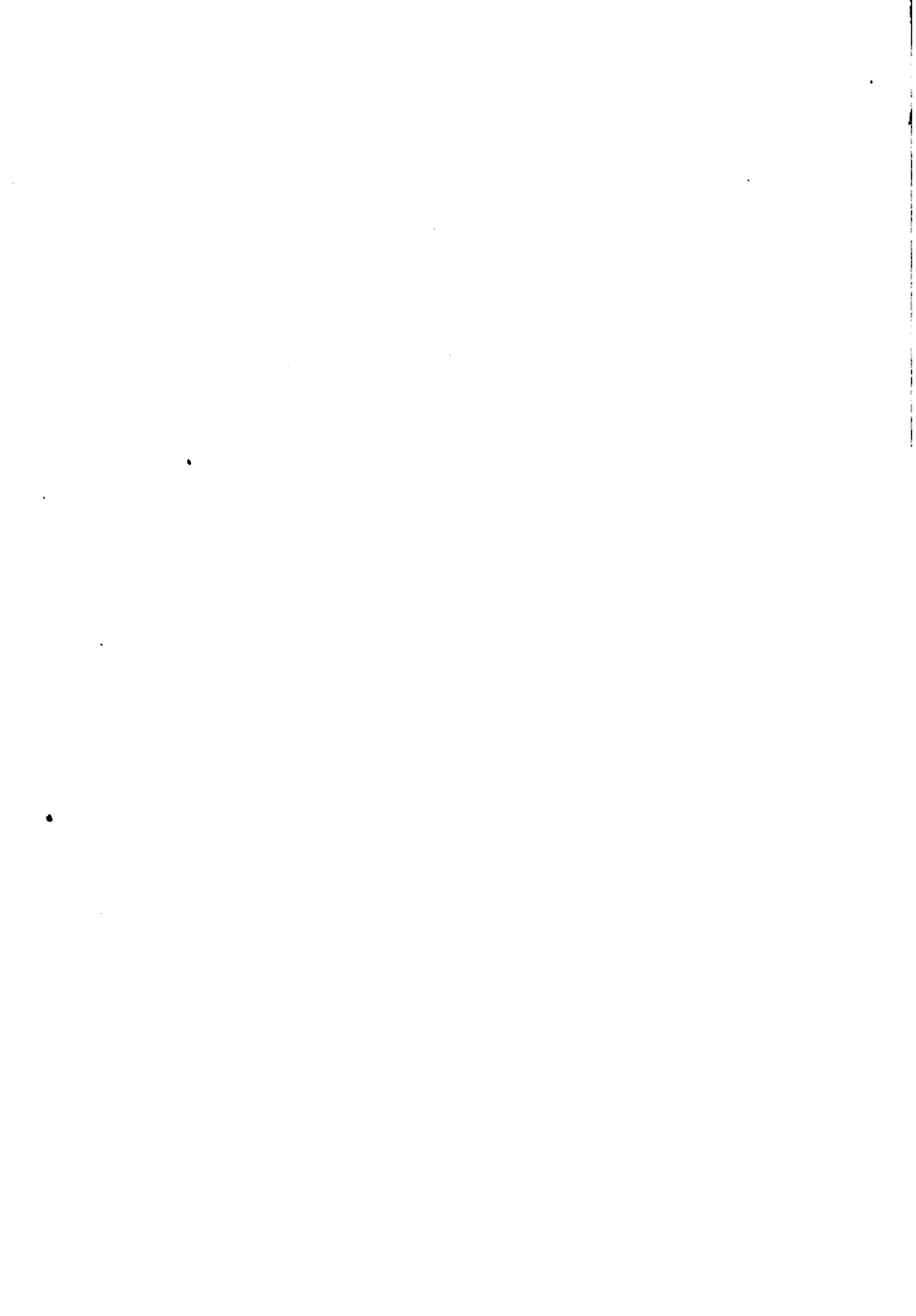
A wedding was planned—for the parents consented.

The two *were made one*—and they never repented.

The youth—and the maid—and the bridge and the stream

A union of hearts, the result of a dream !

MISCELLANEOUS



WINNACANNETT

WINNACANNETT

HAMPTON had the quaintest name
Years and years ago,
Long before the white man came
Indians called it so.
Indians roamed through forests deep,
Over hill and mountain steep,
Everywhere in search of game,
Long before the white man came.

Musing on that Indian name—
Zephyrs soft but clear,
Whispered—telling how it came—
Whispered in my ear.
Whispered to me while I slept,
While the darkness o'er me crept,
Told me of the name it bore
Years and years, and years before.

MISCELLANEOUS

Strange the history revealed
Of the distant past;
For so many years concealed
To be told at last!
Winna must have ventured near
Thus in vision to appear!
Zephyrs caught the words, and so
That we knew not, now we know.

Winna was a winsome maid
In the long ago;
Oft she sought the welcome shade
Where the pine trees grow.
Tripping lightly here and there,
Taking in the healthful air,
Quenching thirst from streams that go
Dashing down to vales below.

Thus she lived—that Indian maid,
Years and years ago;
Through the wildwood and the glade
Passing to and fro.
Picking berries, catching fish,
Gratifying every wish.
Oft in light canoe she'd glide
Down the stream to meet the tide.

WINNACANNETT

Cannett, was a noble brave,
Winna caught his eye;
Warmest love to her he gave,
None with her could vie.
Meeting 'neath the pine trees tall
Winna heard his loving call.
'Neath the pines their love was plighted,
Loving hearts were there united.

Oft in after years was seen
In the piny wood,
Where, beneath the trees so green
Cannett's wigwam stood,
Boys and girls, a happy band,
Winna—Cannett, hand in hand.
Zephyrs soft, said this began it—
Hence the name of Winnacannett.

To that peaceful Indian town
Finally there came
One, a preacher of renown—
Bachiler by name;
Came with others, white men all,
There they would their church install.
"Winnacannett" seemed so strange
They resolved the name to change.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Hampton," so the preacher said,
"Is the name we give;
Good the meet place which we tread,
By this name 'twill live."
But the quaint old name it bore
Zephyrs whisper as before.
Sweet the name of Winnacannett,
Since we know true love began it.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE

FAITHFUL AND TRUE

A YOUTH while in school at the foot of his class
Resolved he would work for promotion.
By studying hard, to the head he might pass,
And that was his ambitious notion.
That place at the head he kept ever in view,
The task might be hard—he'd be faithful and true;
He'd win if he could, he would work for the prize,
By close application, he knew he should rise.

Years later we see him a teacher of youth,
Successful, because so devoted :
A lover of learning, a lover of truth,
And all that was good, he promoted.
He came to be known as a trustworthy guide ;
With men of true worth he was ever allied.
His work stood the test when it passed in review.
In all that he did, he was faithful and true.

MISCELLANEOUS

The greatness achieved by this painstaking man,
Seemed naught to one bent upon pleasure.
His life was a failure in purpose and plan,
With dollars and cents for a measure.
Though full of good works, which no words could express,
No millions had he to proclaim his success :
But faithful and true to his last day on earth,
Bright dollars in gold could not measure his worth.

The youth who resolves to be faithful and true,
Whatever his calling or station,
Will meet with success ; for he broadens his view,
And builds on a solid foundation.
No clouds shall shut out his bright visions of joy,
No storms that assail him shall ever destroy.
When labors are ended, all voices as one,
Proclaim the world better for what he has done.

OUR BLANCHE

"OUR BLANCHE"

A LITTLE curly head—
The matron's pride;
One hand was on her chin
And one at side.
A little girl was she—
A little girl of three.
They brought her in the room
In hopes a future home
Awaited her, with mother's care,
A home, the little girl might share.

Her hair was lightest brown,
In curls or braid.
Her eyes were bright and large,
But what their shade?
That girl! what will she be—
That little girl of three—
When youthful years have flown—
When she is older grown?
Will she appreciate the care,
If we, with her, our home shall share?

MISCELLANEOUS

Strange thoughts were hers, no doubt,
While there she stood,
With just a little show
Of sullen mood.
And yet it could not be
That little girl of three
Could comprehend, or care
For home that she might share.
For lines of love that we might trace
We watched the changes in her face.

You little curly head!
If Heaven approve,
Of parents we instead
Will win your love.
Too young to understand—
We take your little hand—
You darling child of three,
Our *daughter* you shall be.
No parents of your own, to guide,—
That want, in us, shall be supplied.

"The little girl is yours,"
The matron said.
The child, unconsciously,
Had raised her head—

OUR BLANCHE

And coming quickly near,
She showed no signs of fear.
Soft eyes of nameless hue
Gave promise she'd be true.
We took the child to be our own,
For love's return, when older grown.

We watched with jealous eye
Her youthful days.
We sought to rectify
Her naughty ways.
Did we succeed in aught?
Were all our efforts naught?
We'll know at "morning dawn."
We only know—she's gone!
The truth remains, howe'er expressed—
"Our Father's way is always best."

That little child was ours
A few short years;
And then was ended all
Our hopes and fears!
Of brightest promise, she—
And ever hopeful, we.
We sought to guide aright—
We watched her, day and night.

MISCELLANEOUS

But suddenly a call from heaven,
And ev'ry earthly tie was riven !

And now in Cedar Lawn
Our darling lies ;
But Faith and Hope declare
She'll surely rise !
A night of death, and then
A glorious morning, when—
Enrobed in spotless white—
She'll stand with saints in light !
For love's return, we hope no more—
Until we reach the golden shore !

BENEVOLENCE

BENEVOLENCE

WHILE the heart is moved by the calls for aid,
And a home is bestowed, with its love and care;
Oft the hopes indulged, into darkness fade,
And the lessons from life cast a somber shade!
The recipient's love—such a shadowy share,
That the heart of the giver lies cold and bare!

To their door she came, full of childish glee;
With her happy smile she could access gain.
She was welcomed and reared as one's own should be,
And a daughter's love they were hoping to see;
But, as older she grew, she refused with disdain
To accept their advice,—and their pleadings were vain.

As the years go by, and as cares increase,
To her former home will her sad thoughts stray;
To that place, endeared by its love and peace?
From her trials and cares will she long for release?
To the home that she left, in so thoughtless a way,
Could she once more return, would she welcome the day?

MISCELLANEOUS

Will she think of times when a mother's hand,
With a fond caress, clasped her own, in love?
When that mother toiled, day and night, and planned,
To bestow on her darling, the best in the land?
As she thinks of the past, will she prize such a love?
Will she count it a blessing sent down from above?

If by sickness tried, will she think that day,
Of the times long past, when her mother's care,
Like a healing balm, soothed her pain away,
And illumined her night with Hope's promising ray?
As she thinks of the past, will she prize such a care?
Will she long, once again, such a blessing to share?

Will she think, some day, of the cruel word,
Or unkindly act, which repelled the heart?
But for wounds like these, that fond heart had stirred
With emotions of love! With a hope long deferred,
Love was writhing at last, with a withering smart,—
Like the wound which was made by a poisonous dart!

In return for love and devotion true,
All the mother craved, was confiding trust;
But for aught she saw, or for aught she knew,
There was little of love or affection in view!

BENEVOLENCE

And the selfishness there, so unkind, so unjust,
Was consuming the heart, like corrosion and rust!

That fond mother now, is relieved from care:

For her work is done, and the strain is o'er!

She is resting now, in a mansion fair!

She is free from all pain, there's no suffering there!

There is naught to deplore; there's no night any more;

There is perfect repose on that glorified shore!

Oh! the thoughtless heart, that could turn away

From a mother's love and a mother's care!

By her trials taught, she'll regret some day

That the worth of such love, she can never repay.

Opportunities fly! She can nevermore share

In a love that was shattered beyond repair!

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BABY BOY

FOR MRS. E. A. H.

CHEERFUL and bright as the morning light
That causeth new life to start :
Such is the joy, for a baby boy
Now gladdens the mother's heart.
Sweetly he rests in her loving arms—
Baby for her has a thousand charms.

All hearts are glad, for the little lad
Enkindles home love anew.
Treasure to prize ! See those laughing eyes !
They tell us his love is true.
Cunningest toes and a fairy hand !
None can surpass him in all the land.

Baby must grow ! Though we cannot know—
We hope he the world may bless.
Time will make known, when he's older grown,
His worth, and his great success.
Hope lends her aid, and with Fancy free,
Quickly we tell what his life shall be.

THE BABY BOY

Blessed is Hope, giving strength to cope

With trials that cross life's way.

Greatly it cheers while the passing years

The wealth of the heart display.

Useful through life and a constant joy—

This is our hope for the baby boy.

MISCELLANEOUS

LAKEWOOD GREETINGS

TO M. L. S.

BEAUTIFUL greetings from Lakewood :
Somebody thought of me there.
Searching in shadows of pine trees,
She is not to be seen anywhere.

Out on the stairs, one is standing,
Maybe 'tis you : can we know ?
Down to the lake, at the landing,
There,—is it there that you go ?

Cheerful surroundings bring gladness,
Scenes that are new, lend their aid.
Pine trees may soften one's sadness,
Helpful, both sunshine and shade.

Happy, in sunshine or shadow ;
Angels to guard you with care.
Cheered by fond greetings of friendship,
Such is your friend's fervent prayer.

April 24th, 1903.

THE PIONEER'S WIFE

THE PIONEER'S WIFE

COME, Clarence, to dinner.
Come, cease from your labor.
'Tis time you should rest. Hear
The horn of our neighbor?
Our dinner is ever so fine!
We'll sit neath this tree while we dine.
How grateful for shade we should be,
The shade of this broad spreading tree.

The table invites us,
With food that we relish,
And lovely bouquets of
Wild flowers embellish.
With appetites good, we are glad.
You see we've no cause to be sad!
Good appetite indicates health—
The one thing that's better than wealth.

MISCELLANEOUS

Plain bread and fine butter,
Potatoes and bacon !
Who think we are starving?
They're surely mistaken.
With milk and with berries so choice
We gladly look up and rejoice.
Rejoice in God's goodness and love,
Rich treasures that come from above.

We've cause for thanksgiving
Each day and each minute.
Our cabin is lowly,
But comfort is in it.
Contentment and happiness reign :
Such blessings are never in vain.
Where peace and contentment abound
'Tis there the most comfort is found.

Now dinner is over,
And duties are calling—
In all of our labors,
There's nothing appalling.
We'll stick to our work, and success
Our efforts will certainly bless.
When acres are covered with grain
We'll count all our hardships as gain.

* * * *

THE PIONEER'S WIFE

Thus chatted the couple
'Till dinner was over.
'Tis plain to be seen, they
Were living in clover.
Though toiling so hard ev'ry day,
They found sweetest joys by the way.
There's pleasure no wealth can impart,
Where heart beats responsive to heart.

With spirit uplifted,
The pioneer wended
His way to his labors,
With hope and trust blended.
He gave to his Father above
Warm thanks for this proof of His love.
Warm thanks for the girl he had wed;
And then, with emotion he said—

“My dear darling Clara!
Her courage doth cheer me.
I cannot help thinking
An angel is near me.
So hopeful, so cheerful is she,
She always gives courage to me.
The joy of my home, and my life,—
My loving, my true-hearted wife!”

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BRIDE

A thoughtful maiden, bright and fair,
Was reared with fond parental care.
She loved her books, and laid in store
A mine of wealth in ancient lore ;—
In modern lore as well. All this
Gave promise fair for added bliss.
O'er her bright path were golden skies,
For earnest work had won the prize.

So well equipped with every grace
To win success in any place,
'Twas nothing strange her parents' pride
Was closely with their love allied.
A most devoted daughter, she—
A happy home, her home should be.
All other treasures—far above!
A happy home—a home with love !

THE BRIDE

But oft 'tis seen, that views afar
More lovely seem, than near ones are.
The daughter left her home, to share
Another's love, another's care.
We wonder what will be her lot ?
'Tis veiled from sight ! We know not what !
The choice is made ! The die is cast !
May joy be hers as in the past.

With words of love, expressed, implied,
The man has won a happy bride.
For her—the maiden at his side,
His heart should swell with noble pride.
No truer heart than her's could beat ;
His home will be a blest retreat.
What glad and joyous days in store
For him, and who could ask for more ?

The maiden stakes her all, when she
Gives up her home, a wife to be :
And he who wins, should make her feel
That he, to her, is true as steel.
All Nature's voices sweetly teach—
The truest love from each to each.
The truest love is ever due ;
O ! Bride and Groom ! Be true, be true !

MISCELLANEOUS

As years go by, life's cares increase,
And calls upon her never cease.
The bloom of youth departs, perchance,
And sickness makes a dread advance.
'Tis then, the husband's watchful care
Should show, in all, he takes his share.
Should show how well he guards his prize;
Should show—that true love never dies.

O! What true heart can cast aside
His loving wife—his chosen bride?
O! who can add the slightest grief,
When kindly words will bring relief?
Alas! that such a thing can be!
Such cruel wrongs we sometimes see.
When life, with selfishness is fraught,
Most solemn vows become as naught!

Whoever wrecks a trusting soul,
Can ne'er deserve a happy goal.
True joys of life are not for him:
His sky once bright becometh dim!
The clouds shall gather thick and fast,
Their mantle o'er him shall be cast.
Where e'er his wandering feet may tread,
Those clouds shall fill his soul with dread!

THE BRIDE

Oh! Bride of brighter days gone by,
Do shadows darken all thy sky?
Hath thy heart felt the pangs of grief
For which there seemeth no relief?
At such a time, look thou above!
Remember ever,—God is love.
Trust thou in Him for needed aid,
On Him, let thy sad heart be stayed.

MISCELLANEOUS

A LOST OPPORTUNITY

SOFTLY the twilight was fading away,
Blending the shadows, and ending the day;
Lightly a maiden stepped over the bars—
Casting a glance at the moon and the stars.
“Bossie, come Bossie, come Bossie,” said she.
“Where are you, Bossie? Come straight here to me.”

Bossie, tho' cropping the grass near the wood,
Came to the maiden as soon as she could.
Strange it may seem, but a youth also came,
Just as if some one had called him by name.
“Bossie, come Bossie, come Bossie?” said she,
Down to the bars, in a hurry came he.

Pleased were the two at the bars thus to meet—
Far from the crowd—'twas a quiet retreat.
Balmy the air, soft the light from above,
Smiles on their faces were tell-tales of love.
Happy surroundings enveloped the pair—
Cupid was near, all their pleasures to share.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY

There by themselves stood the youth and the maid :
Timid was he, she was sober and staid.

Young to propose, or his love to express—
Would he dare ask her? and would she say yes?
Halting a bit, all his courage departed !
Wishing to ask—he was just where he started.

Bashful young man ! 'twas the chance of his life !
One more courageous will make her his wife.
Lacking decision, he could not complain,
Tho' what he had lost he might never regain.
Courage will win. Turn not back, having started :
The best of success is for one that's brave-hearted.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE LAST TIME

'T WAS a peaceful hour at the close of day
When we took our stroll down the garden way.
'Twas for sweet communion, enjoyed the more
When the toils and cares of the day were o'er.
We talked of the future, the present, the past,
Till shadows of twilight were over us cast.

As to future years—they had much in store ;
And we planned to meet them as oft before.
For our present bliss we were glad at heart ;
From our past regrets 'twas a joy to part.
As stars far above us illumined the night,
So Hope cast its rays and the future was bright.

In that peaceful hour we had sweetest zest ;
Years of toil were crowned with a well-earned rest.
Could we hope 'twould last? We could hope and pray ;
But could only see just a little way !
E'en while we rejoiced, trusting nothing would mar,
The Gate of the City was standing ajar !

THE LAST TIME

Had we known, or dreamed, that we nevermore
Would go down the walk, as so oft before,
What a cloud of gloom would have wrapped us round !
Would have crushed our spirits with dread profound !
Kind Providence shielded our hearts from the blow !
It shapeth events so we never can know.

But a little while and the summons came !
'Twas a low, soft voice that had called her name ;
And before we knew she was far away,
In the joyous light of an endless day !
The Gate was ajar and she followed the Voice
To where the redeemed shall forever rejoice.

* * * * *

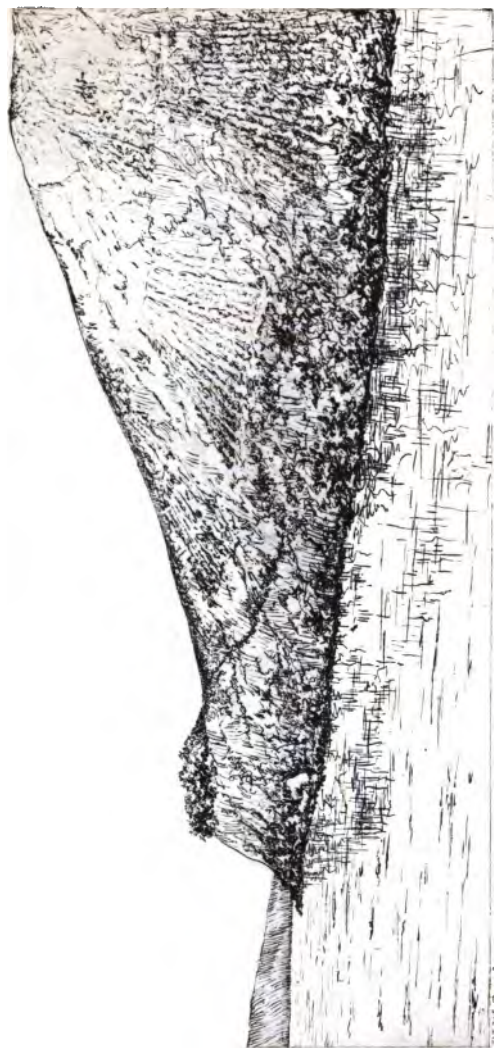
'Tis a lovely spot where her body lies,
Till the trump shall sound and the dead arise.
There a granite stone shall recall her worth
While she safely rests in the arms of earth.
As year after year of her life comes to view,
The record proclaims—" She was faithful and true."

MISCELLANEOUS

LAKE KEUKA

AT the foot of Keuka Lake
There's a Quaker-Yankee town
Called Penn Yan, where many take
Rest from cares that weigh them down.
In the town, or on the shore,
Where the Indians roamed of yore,
Homes are found where all can share
Healthful exercise and air.

If our cares we would dispel,
"Halsey," "Holmes," or "Mary Bell"—
Steamers are, which we can take
For an outing on the Lake.
Looking either left or right,
Slopes of verdure greet the sight.
There the famous grape vines grow,
Shadowed in the Lake, below.



W. W. Sanford.

The Grafton Press.

BLUFF POINT-LAKE KEUKA, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK
WINDY CITY

A. J. L. N. X. AND
T. L. N. S. O. G. A. T. I. O. N. S.
R L

LAKE KEUKA

Vine-clad hills in beauty rise
Outlined on the distant skies.
Charming pictures come to view—
Landscapes in perspective, true.
Gorges show where torrents roar—
Rushing down to Keuka's shore.
Cottages of beauty tell
Where the pleasure seekers dwell.

O-go-ya-go Lodges please ;
Nestling there, among the trees.
Lovely spot ! where leafy bowers
Woo to happy restful hours.
Spirits of the years long past,
O'er the place a halo cast.
Balmy zephyrs lightly stray—
Giving sleep at close of day.

Other Lodges can be found,
Each a healthful camping ground.
Old and young enjoy the outing,
Some are singing—some are shouting ;
Some go strolling near the shore,
Some delight to ply the oar.
With their hooks and lines they try
Catching trout, or perch, to fry.

MISCELLANEOUS

Catching trout is sport indeed,
When they grab the hook with greed ;
Grab the hook and pull the line,
Then 'tis fun ! the sport is fine !
Play him in and play him out,
Surely he's a seven pound trout !
See him run—and race—and dive !
Catching him, is " fun alive."

Ask the fishermen round,
Where best fishing grounds are found,—
Some will say—" Off Purdy's go"—
" Off the Bluff"—o'er Flats, to row.
In deep water, there they wait
For the tempting *spoon or bait*.
Pick'rel, trout, black bass or perch,
You can find them if you search.

Old Bluff Point ! Thy massive form,
Grand in sunshine or in storm,
Towers high above the Lake ;—
Naught can thy foundations shake !
When the storms come howling by—
When the mighty waves run high—
Firm as adamant, thy stand !
Thou art " Rock"—not " Shifting Sand."

LAKE KEUKA

Grand old Keuka ! In a gale
Mightily thy waves assail !
Rising high, with fearful roar,
How they dash upon the shore !
Boisterous winds and waves we see
As of old, on Galilee ;
Then we think of Him, whose will
Gave commandment—" Peace, be still."

Charming Keuka ! When at rest,
Then it is, we love thee best.
Gliding o'er thy sleeping waves,
Rest, the tired spirit craves.
When the Autumn paints thy hills,
Then thy glorious beauty thrills !
Rest, and sweet repose are here,
Lovely Keuka ! thou art dear.

MISCELLANEOUS

ANNIVERSARY GREETING

TO MR. AND MRS. W. B. M^{OB}.

JUST TWELVE YEARS now, of married life,
We greet the Husband and the Wife.

We greet the Wife with roses fair,
Selecting them with greatest care.
They well express the admiration
Of richly earned appreciation.

The Mother in the home deserves
A willing hand that never swerves.
We'll cheer her with these flowers bright,
And pray—that burdens may be light.

And now, we greet the "Man in Gray":
To him, we have a word to say.

TWELVE YEARS ago, as seasons run,
All other girls beneath the sun
He left and pledged himself to ONE.
The Knot was tied—the deed was done.

ANNIVERSARY GREETING

**So now, to him who left old chums,
We bring the bright chrysanthemums.
The pure white—the golden hue,
As emblems of the good and true.**

**While ONE in law, and ONE in life,
May blessings crown both Man and Wife.**

November 26th, 1902.

Passaic, New Jersey.

MISCELLANEOUS

"THANK YOU"

"**T**HANK You"—O, what magic words,
When sincerely spoken;
Binding fast, with golden cords
That can ne'er be broken.
Words like these reveal the heart,
Great the pleasure they impart.

"Thank You"—said the little child
As she took the flower,
And her eyes, so soft and mild,
Added to their power.
Sparkling gems—her words and eyes,—
Brilliant stars in cloudless skies!

"Thank You"—said the manly boy
For a kindly action;
And the words gave purest joy,
Sweetest satisfaction.
Give that spirit freest rein,
Grateful thanks are not in vain.

“THANK YOU ”

“Thank You”—said the soldier brave,
When his wound was dressed;
Thus, most gratefully he gave
What his words expressed.
Soon his life was gone forever,—
But his grateful “Thank You”—never!

In life's journey, oft we find
Acts of kindness aid us.
To temptations we're so blind,
Often they degrade us.
When a helping hand we see,
O, how grateful we should be.

We had fallen by the way,
Had been wounded badly;
From the right had gone astray,
Help was needed sadly.
Christ, the Lord from heaven above,
Bandaged all our wounds, in love!

Lord! We thank Thee for that love,—
For that love, adore Thee.
Help us Lord, to look above:
Help us, we implore Thee.
Grateful songs to Thee we raise,
Grateful hearts shall sing Thy praise.

MISCELLANEOUS

ON THE SUNSET SLOPE.

IN th' journey of life I am far on my way,
Youthful days are a memory now ;
The lessons and games—all the work and the play—
To that vision I gratefully bow.
How sweet to recall treasured joys of the past—
Their halo of gladness is over me cast.

Gone, gone are the friends that I cherished with pride,
All the playmates and schoolmates I knew ;
I see them no more !—they have gone from my side ;
They have all disappeared like the dew.
Like the dew of the morning when kissed by the light,
The Master said, "Come," and they vanished from sight.

And gone are the days which are counted the best ;
Days of vigor, when courage ran high.
Days when purpose or plan being put to the test,
Would cause all things depressing to fly.
Now courage is lacking for efforts severe,
And moments for restful reposing are here.

ON THE SUNSET SLOPE

Sweet memories linger to gladden my way—

Many pleasures and joys have been mine;
The bright days of childhood with innocent play,
And the lessons of life to refine.

So changes the scene, through each varying stage,
From the pleasures of youth to the pleasures of age.

Now, visions of hope fill my heart with delight,

As I come to the last of my days.

May shadows depart! May life's sunset be bright—

And my spirit exultant in praise!

Tho' beautiful—earth is not meant for life's goal,
The bright world above is the home of the soul.

A mansion I see on the "Ever Green Shore";

'Tis the glorious home of the blest!

No sorrow, no sin and no night any more!

There the penitent soul shall find rest.

O! triumph supreme! when life's journey is ended—

A soul, robed in white, by the Saviour commended.

A blessing I crave for the friends that I leave;

For my foes, too, if such there should be.

Forgiving all those who have caused me to grieve,

I will hope there's forgiveness for me.

I rest 'neath the banner of mercy unfurled,

At peace with my God, and at peace with the world.



